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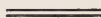
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MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS

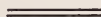
BY FREDERICK HALL



A SERIES OF ARTICLES APPEARING IN

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MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 1

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hoxie Tell of the Olden Days.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The very first of our "Old Settlers" came from New England and they had their choice of two ways. Overland, by team, making a long but usually a pleasant journey. Or by sailing vessel to Chicago, reaching their destination quicker, if sometimes more unhappily—for sea-sickness is not one of the newly discovered diseases.

George Hoxie came by water and Eaton Walker came by land.

Both the Hoxies were from Cheshire, Mass., but were married in Townal, Vt., in 1837, and the same year came west via the Great Lakes. They built a log house on government land east of Dundee and there their five children—Emily, Homer, Jennie (Irick), Edward and Charles—were born. The Indians had left, but the wolves had not, nor had the deer; the oldest son often saw herds of twenty to thirty of them.

The children attended country school in a building on "East Street," opposite the Western farm. Then one day—imagine the delighted excitement!—seventeen yoke of oxen were

hitched to the school house and it was dragged up the road to a spot near the present location, close to the Bucklin farm.

One of the problems of farming in that day was getting one's crop to market. Commonly, several farmers combined, loaded a wagon with sacks of wheat, started across country for Chicago, managed to get "mired" a half dozen times on the way and spent perhaps a week on the trip.

After one such trip the head of the Hoxie family returned with total cash assets of \$1.40.

Eaton Walker came originally from Woodstock, Conn., but was married in Uxbridge, Mass. He was the son of a harness maker, one of six brothers who all learned the same trade, which was also followed by his son, W. E. Walker—three generations of harness makers. Eaton Walker and W. R. Hemingway came overland together and it is remembered that, for the sake of economy in packing, the chairs which formed a part of their load, were unjointed before they started. Mr. Walker took up government land on the site of the present Borden condensed milk factory and erected a house, of oak, not of logs, which is still standing, though moved from its first location.

It was a day of "preparedness" and he had to fight for his claim. There was bloodshed, though fortunately no casualties and—he won. The story is told, more or less accurately, in the county histories.

His family had meanwhile joined him, coming by lake, second class. Everybody was poor in those days. It

was no uncommon thing to go to the post office (this was of course long before the day of postage stamps) find there a letter with 25 cents due on it and go sadly home because they did not have the 25 cents. But there were grades of poverty and Mrs. Hoxie is said to have been in her early girlhood the best dressed child in town. Not indeed because of the greater wealth of her parents, but there were relatives in the east who sent boxes, out of which came wonderful frocks and hats and shoes.

There is one little story of that day worthy of being set down. She had been invited to a children's party across the river and was ready to go when it was discovered that the boat was missing. She was in tears at once, but her father brought from the house a wash tub, set her in it, and instructed her elder brother Will, then a lad of ten, to pull off his shoes and stockings and, in this primitive fashion was she ferried across.

At five, she attended a private school taught by Charles Wells, in a house which formerly stood on the northwest corner of Oregon avenue and Second street. The next year she went to a public school, held in a building on the site of the George Bullard home—still standing. Shortly after this the district was divided and she went to Carpentersville. The later re-uniting of the districts is comparatively recent history.

She recalls the time when there was but one German family living in Dundee, a family named Hasse—at least that is the way the neighbors pronounced the name. Unable at

first to attend a German church, it is pleasant to learn that they joined heartily in the neighborhood religious services and that Mrs. Hasse was highly valued for efficiency at church suppers.

As a child Mrs. Hoxie was taken by team to Chicago to visit an uncle and used to run down from his house to play on the lake shore. You might look at the spot the next time you are in the city; it is now occupied by the Masonic Temple.

When she was ten her mother went east for a visit and came back by railroad. So fast was the frontier receding.

In April, 1860, Eaton Walker moved his family into the house where Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie now live. The Oatman Tavern was then standing and it was there, as Mrs. Hoxie recalls, that the farewell was held for the boys who first left for the Civil War, Company I of the 52nd. The hotel was torn down before they came back and gave place to the present Baptist church, in which one of the first services was a "war concert," held before the building was completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie were married in 1865 in the house which is now their home and the story of the succeeding fifty years need not be here retold.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 2

This Chapter Records the Early Experiences of C.F. Hall.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

To write of one's acquaintances demands a certain restraint, but writing of one's own father, for the reading of one's own neighbors, this positively invites to a light-hearted jangling of family skeletons.

In 1836 my grandfather, George E. Hall, came from North Adams, Mass., and bought from the United States government the land now owned by William Nagle. On this farm my father was born in 1846.

He attended school in the Bucklin district and apparently added considerable diversity to the lives of his various teachers. One of them, Miss Sarah Harvey, gave him in spite of his stubborn resistance, a memorable threshing—a slight unpleasantness ultimately healed in true story book fashion, for C. F. Hall's oldest son married Sarah Harvey's oldest daughter.

Hunting was the passion of his youth and he used a gun when so small that his father insisted that he bring it home after each discharge to have it reloaded. Game was plenty—quail, ducks, geese, coons, squirrels. The day of the deer and wolf was

passing, but prairie chickens were almost as common and almost as tame as our English sparrows. Rabbits, if delivered at the store kept by the father of H. C. Edwards, brought three cents apiece but, when supply exceeded demand, the proprietor was wont to tell the young Nimrods that in the present state of the market he could use only such as had tails.

At twelve my father, with a like minded chum, set off to join the Indians. Equipped with no ampler provision than their school lunch, they penetrated the wilderness as far as the bleak latitudes of Algonquin. There it suddenly occurred to each that when he left home his mother had not been well and they turned their backs upon the paths of glory.

The following year ambition sought another channel. "The East Street Minstrels" were a galaxy of talent for which Mr. C. A. Hoxie performed upon the triangle, while my father concatenated the bones. The neighbors received them with such eclat that my father thought to devote his life to minstrelsy but was dissuaded. His father would fain have seen him a farmer but already he was in imagination a storekeeper.

Some time during his early boyhood they engaged a hired man named Carl. He was the first German my father had ever seen and he and his schoolmates stood greatly in awe of him, for there had somehow risen the rumor (which world history seems to be justifying) that the Germans were terrible fighters. Not many years ago "Carl" was in the store, hale and hearty and the prosperous owner of



three farms.

At fourteen my father went to Aurora to attend Clark's Seminary, and made his home with his grandfather, Daniel G. Carpenter. But the call of the store was in his ears and he sought and obtained a position at \$5 per month and board, with D. W. Stockwell, then Aurora's leading merchant. There was New Orleans sugar to be ground—a sort of work of which today's grocery clerk knows nothing—and there were the odd jobs always passed on to "the boy," but the final difference was over the number of cows, horses and babies the young clerk should take on as a side line. The end was dramatic, for my father departed by climbing down one of the supports of the front porch.

At Oberlin College he had the misfortune to begin Latin and Greek at the same time and made, he declares, practically no progress, beyond paying his tuition. Again the store claimed him, salary this time \$10 per month and board. Among the family archives is the letter of recommendation given him by my mother's father then one of the Oberlin faculty, containing among other guarded commendations, the words: "We judge this young man to be capable of performing the ordinary work of a clerk in a store."

My father's military history is neither long nor sanguinary, though he almost succeeded in dying for his country—not of his wounds but of the measles. It was the summer of Gen. Earley's famous raid and, from the ramparts of Fort Stevens he saw the Confederate advance and then the

retreat before the charge of the Sixth Corps. He was just out of the hospital and so weak that, though he volunteered, they would not let him go out on the skirmish line. An officer interfered with the one shot that he nearly fired. The next day he found the man at whom he had aimed. Another bullet had reached him, and the gray clad sharpshooter had crawled off into a hollow to die alone. The first strollers over the battlefield had cut all the buttons from his uniform for souvenirs. Such is war!

President Lincoln visited the fort on the day that the fight was hottest and my father, on sentry duty, presented arms as he passed. Another day he saw on guard over a mountainous pile of oats a soldierly figure that somehow looked familiar. He accosted him and found he was right—it was Robert Duff.

“Tubs” had been my father’s nickname when he enlisted but at the expiration of his term of service he no longer deserved it; he then weighed just eighty-nine pounds.

He remained in Oberlin until 1866. Then, after a winter at home he went to Cleveland, where he clerked until 1868. It was in that year that he opened his first store in Dundee.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 3

Mrs. Julia Wright's Reminiscences of Dundee.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The history of our community is a brief one and yet we have lived through four distinct periods. That of the Indian, which with the help of the histories we must reconstruct in imagination. That of the hunters, trappers and first explorers, of whom we know almost as little. The pioneer period, when every one "farmed it" and each family provided practically all its own necessities. And then the period of the first manufactures. It is with their beginnings that one associates the name of Maro Bradley.

His first news of this region came through George Marshall and just sixty years ago this present month he left his home in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, and came to Carpentersville. In June he was followed by his daughter Julia and her husband, Luther D. Wright. They crossed Lake Ontario by boat and then came by train to Elgin. It was before the day of Pullmans and "flyers." The distance which the Twentieth Century Limited covers in less than twenty-four hours required

three days and two nights—in day coaches. But the two young people apparently experienced no hardships and Mrs. Wright vividly recalls the beauty of that first moonlight drive from Elgin to her new home.

Dundee's aspect was then quite different from what it is today. No one thought of associating the idea of school with the bluff crowned by our present school building. One only of our churches was then standing—the little building now used as a school room by the Bethlehem Lutheran congregation, built originally by the Congregationalists, then sold to the Scotch Presbyterians and later by them to the German Methodists. But one of the names now visible on Main street was then to be seen: H. E. Hunt conducted a store in the structure lettered "Hunt's Block." It was both store and bank and was by many considered a quite unwarrantable piece of ostentation. What need could ever arise for such bulk and magnificence? Delos Dunton was another merchant of that day, and later came J. R. Smith.

The social life of the community gained much from the two young people from the east. There were select social dances held in the Oatman Tavern and in Holding Hall, a building upon the west bank of the river—long since torn down. There were sleighrides to neighboring towns where oyster suppers waited. Some even confess to winter parties on "Main Hill" when it was far better adapted to coasting than in its present denatured condition.

All the industries of our state,

including the germs of such mammoths as the Pullman Car Company and the International Harvester Company, were in that day genuine "infant industries." Toddling factories were starting up all over this region, factories some of which lived to grow up and some of which did not.

Carpentersville had a woolen mill, owned in 1856 by Charles Clark. Milk making was then not the farmer's one occupation and Mrs. Wright recalls as one of the pictures of the time the sight of Charles Carpenter daily shepherding his flock of three hundred sheep from one side of the river to the other. There was a brickyard in Dundee, owned by a man named Hull and occupying the site of the Haeger plant. Elmer C. Rigby had a shop of which the output was varied, his son recalling that one of the side lines was coffins. Even the house now occupied by Mrs. Wright was, most of us will be surprised to learn, not originally built as a dwelling but as a wagon shop, the builder a man known to his intimates as "Inky" Smith.

Luther Wright, a wheelwright by trade, found instant occupation, first in Dundee, and then in Carpentersville with a firm of which George Marshall was the head and which was engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements. In process of time it has grown into the Illinois Iron and Bolt Co., where for forty years Mr. Wright was employed as pattern maker.

Maro Bradley's life was somewhat more varied. In the east he had run

both a store and a cooper shop. Here he first worked in Elgin, for Captain Sully, then he was with Marshall and later he invented and patented a horse rake. It was exhibited at a national fair held in Chicago, where it attracted wide and favorable attention and, while it did not make his fortune, it enabled him to buy a farm and spend his last years in serenity and comfort. He was early elected a Justice of the Peace and, among his townsmen, always went by the now almost archaic title of "Squire."

In 1893 the growing feebleness of her parents brought the daughter, temporarily as she supposed, from her home in Carpentersville to stay with them. In a sadly brief period Mrs. Wright saw mother, father and husband pass from her, while of the relatives left behind in the east there today remains but one. The past has had its sorrows and even its regrets but it has brought no bitterness.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 4

James Morse, Veteran Hardware Dealer, Contributes His Mite.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Take any American family, it has been humorously declared, and if you trace it back far enough, you will find all its members descended from three brothers who came to the country at an early date. With the Morses one need not go back far. Edwin, Abner and James, ("Ed," "Ab" and "Jim," as their friends called them) were three farmer boys of Erieville, Madison county, New York, of whom the two former came to this region in the early 40s and the latter in the late 50s.

"Ed," the oldest, had been in the east a tin peddler, driving with horse and wagon about the countryside and exchanging his cups and pans for the thrifty housewives' accumulation of rags—a highly honorable and rather lucrative employment, in no wise to be confounded with the calling of the modern junk man. He was already married when, with his younger, unmarried brother, Abner, he came to Illinois. Between them they had about a thousand dollars and, with the help of a local money lender, "Ed" bought a farm on East, or

Penny street. Within a few years it had been paid for and "Ab" was looking for a farm of his own; the one he finally chose being on the same road with his brother but upon the opposite side and nearer Dundee.

They had left their younger brother a boy at home. When he came west to join them he was a man grown and at their first meeting they, like Joseph's brethren, failed to recognize him. James, rather enjoying the situation, prolonged it until they grew suspicious and Abner who stuttered slightly, suddenly exclaimed, "W-why, I kn-know him. I'd kn-know him by his n-nose."

During his first winter in Illinois James taught school in the Ford district, near Algonquin. It was a good, well equipped school house—those first New England settlers had taken care of that—also, the pay, for those times, was excellent, \$35.00 a month; but the pupils were enjoying a period of temporary anarchy, having just driven out two teachers. The young New Yorker was not "husky" and he was hardly older than some of his pupils but they did not turn him out. Perhaps it was because he was wiry and resolute; perhaps, even more, because he was experienced, for he had taught six winters in the east. He not only 'kept' the school but he enjoyed his work.

For some years he vibrated between the old home and the new, usually making the journey by train, though once he went by lake, taking with him a team of horses. There was one well-remembered trip to Chicago, made during war time. The govern-

ment was buying cavalry horses and he and his brother "Ed" took in ten, each riding one and leading four and making the trip without stop.

He finally settled upon the home farm in the east, remaining for five years—until his father's death. Then he returned to this region, where he still remains.

James Morse concedes that his brother Edwin may have been the best farmer of the three but in one particular his brother Abner surpassed them both. He was a born wit, possessed of a rich vein of the purest, native American humor, and to his droll expressions his slight stammer seemed to add the final touch of artistic finish. It is perhaps characteristic of such reputations that the stories of him which have survived the longest are episodes in which he did not wholly have the best of it.

One, which in later years his wife was wont to tell with keenest appreciation, goes back to his wedding day. Unfortunately the weather was so ideal for working the corn crop that he forgot the wedding (or such was the accusation) until a member of the family hunted him up and reminded him of it. Then, like Putnam and Cincinnatus, he left his plow in the furrow and, bareback on one of the horses, started for Elgin after his wedding suit.

The ceremony was set for seven in the evening. At four he had not come; at five there was no word of him; at six and at half past he was still missing. Finally at twenty minutes to seven he cantered in at the gate. His bride, waiting upon

the porch, felt that there was ample excuse for reproaches. "Abner!" she exclaimed, "it's twenty minutes to seven and you just here and not ready yet! Why, the whole house has been turned upside down." He faced her serenely, with that quizzical smile which was to be his help in many another trying situation. "Why, S-Sarah," he protested, d-didn't they know n-nothing c-could happen till I g-got here?"

Another of his jokes relates to a horse trade. It was near the culmination of the transaction when there was a question as to the condition of the mare. Instead of replying, he gathered up his reins and started to drive away. "Hey!" called the would-be purchaser and repeated his question. The driver stopped and looked back. "W-Which way d-do you w-want it?" he queried; and the deal was closed on the spot.

The most famous of the stories however is undoubtedly that which claims as its hero one Jack Vickers, a Main street butcher, who shared with Mr. Morse the impediment, or perhaps better, the gift of a slight stammer. Morse was driving a bunch of stock through town when Vickers hailed him "Hello, Ab," he called, "w-where'd you g-get 'em?" "Ab" replied vaguely. "W-What'd you give for 'em?" pursued the other. "G-Give my n-note," was the non-committal answer. Vickers ruminated a moment. "W-Well," he called, as a parting shot, "y-you g-got 'em d-dirt cheap."

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 5

J. R. Smith, a "Native Son," Tells Early Experiences.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

In a memorial window in the First Congregational Church, one may read the two commonest proper names in the English language, John and Mary Smith, and they well deserve to be there for their team drew to the saw mill the first logs which went, as boards, into the first Congregational Church building.

John M. Smith was born on a farm near Paris, New York, and as a young man became a hatter. That trade is today about as obsolete as the making of flint arrowheads, but it was then a good trade and he prospered by it, going into business first in Binghampton, N. Y., and later in Carbondale, Pa., where he met and married Mary Rayner.

In 1836 he came west and he and his brother, James A. Smith, went into business as hatters and furriers in Chicago, at 118 Lake street. One of their business neighbors was a man named Palmer, who kept a general store, retail on the first floor, and wholesale on the second and third. Later he built a hotel opposite the lot on which had stood the John M.

Smith residence and the hotel still remains—we all know the Palmer House. It may also be worth setting down that one of Palmer's clerks was an energetic young fellow named Field—his first name was Marshall and later he went into business for himself.

Not long after the Smith brothers opened business, their father in the east wrote them that he had heard there was land to be had near the Fox River. If they cared to go out and take up some, he would help them pay for it. So one day they saddled their horses for a ride of exploration.

From a knoll on what is now the Schuring farm they looked off toward the sunset and the glint of the river. There was but one building in sight, a log shanty, and toward it they rode. The sole occupant when questioned declared that much of the surrounding land had already been pre-empted but some of the claims were for sale—his for instance. Wouldn't they like to buy it? They dickered awhile. He had made some improvements, these of course had to be taken into consideration and, in the end, they bought him out. At this late date the exact price has been forgotten, but it was either fifty or twenty five cents an acre and there were four hundred acres of it.

After the lapse of almost eighty years, a large part of this land still remains "the Smith farm;" and here was later built, and still stands, a house long regarded as the most pretentious in all this region. John M. Smith did not at that time make the

farm his home but he and his wife were often there, and it was on one of their visits, July 4, 1839, that their son, James R. Smith, was born.

Not long after purchasing the land John M. Smith wrote to his father (the letter is still extant) saying that there was talk of building a railroad west to Galena. It might cross the river at Elgin or at Dundee but, in either event, it was certain to increase the value of their newly acquired property.

In due time this railroad was built, as far west as Elmhurst (then known as Cottage Hill) and J. R. Smith, a boy in front of his father's store, heard the whistle of the first locomotive that ever brought passengers into the city of Chicago. It was a little, wood-burning engine, christened "The Pioneer," and by the railroad men straightway re-christened "The Peggy." Mr. Smith saw it in service many times and was to see it in a final triumphant role, exhibited as a curiosity in the Transportation Building of the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Its track would today be almost as much of a curiosity as the engine itself, for it consisted of oak four by-fours, laid across the ties and with "strap rails" bolted to them.

Later was built the railroad into Chicago from the east but on the two trips to the old home which Mr. Smith made as a child, they had to go by steamboat from Chicago to Buffalo, thence by packet (canal) boat to Utica and from there by stage to their destination. Similarly, until the western line was extended, a man coming to Dundee must leave the

railroad at the "Cottage Hill" terminus, sixteen miles out, and take the stage to Elgin.

The school which J. R. Smith attended faced south on Monroe street. Some of his Saturdays he spent with a couple of boys named Clark, whose father owned a dairy farm "in the country," at about the present line of Twelfth street. The grade of Chicago, it is to be remembered, is now raised seven feet, and the boys skated and sailed rafts over the site of many a present day sky scraper.

In the early 50s John M. Smith sold to his brother his share in the Chicago business and made his home in the community with which he and his son were to be so long and so prominently identified. The son attended school in the Browning district, in the customary fashion—for two or three months in the winter, conscientiously dropping out as soon as the spring work began. Under this system the boys managed to become pretty well grounded in the three Rs but fractions remained an undiscovered country. This schooling was later supplemented by a couple of terms at Rochester, Wis., and by a brief interval spent at the Elgin Academy.

The year 1867 witnessed Mr. J. R. Smith's entrance into the business life of Dundee.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 6

DR. E. F. CLEVELAND.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Long, long ago, the writer's grandfather was one day taken sick on the farm. The nearest physician, Dr. Western, was called and, after the murderous custom of the times, my grandfather was copiously bled. Later the bleeding broke out afresh and only the doctor's recall kept his patient from the grave toward which he had been so successfully started. By way of avoiding a possible libel suit on the part of the physician's grandson, it should here be added that Dr. Western was a gentleman of culture and kindness and, according to the standards of his time, well trained. He was probably no more dangerous to the community than any other practitioner of that day and the story is told merely to show that the real science of medicine goes back but little, if any, farther than does the history of Dundee.

Our first settlers came into a land flowing with milk, and honey, and fever, and ague. Mothers of that day asked, "Johnny, have you taken your quinine?" as regularly as mothers of this day inquire, "Johnny, have you used your tooth brush?" The ques-

tion, "Is life worth living?" and the answer, "That depends on the liver," had sinister meanings.

It was the Golden Age of the quack, Unhampered by pure food and drug acts and (at first) by the need of any diploma or state license, all that a man really required was a head of flowing hair and an awe-inspiring vocabulary. With these, it was easy enough to invent and market some "tonic," plaster or system of diet guaranteed to cure all ills, for these medical rough riders were not content to tackle diseases one at a time; they wiped them out in batallions.

To name, with certainty, the first regular physician who practiced in our community would, at this date, probably be impossible, but one of the first was Dr. Hale, who built the brick house at the corner of Sixth and Main streets, later (under the name of the Wardle house) to be one of Dundee's two hotels, the other being the Baumann (now the Lorenz) House.

Dr. Gough, of whom more traditions are current than it would be wise to set down, was another early practitioner. Dr. Goodwin was loved and trusted by a wide circle of patients and his partner, Dr. Crabtree, built, on the site of the John Fierke home a house which in its day was regarded as a veritable palace. Indeed its erection so fired the imagination of an anonymous local bard that he adorned the fence with a couplet reading:

"Who'd have thought it!

That quinine pills could have bought it?"

The pills of that day, by the way,

were none of the sugary confection of this degenerate time. They were, at least in the memory of the children who took them, as large and almost as deadly as grape shot and stomach-ache had to become a veritable agony before the sufferer would consent to the appearance of that portentous personage, "the doctor."

One might set up quite a plausible argument to the effect that it was the game of "Old Sludge" that brought Dr. Cleveland to Dundee. He was a medical student at Ann Arbor and just across the hall from him roomed Edward Sutfin, studying law. His room-mate and the doctor's had just taken to card playing with the ferocious abandon of youths brought up to regard cards as one of the special wiles of the devil and, while they played in one study, the doctor and young Sutfin pored over their books in the other. On graduation, the doctor came to Chicago and his friend insisted that he pay a visit to Dundee.

Before entering Ann Arbor he had served three years in the Civil War and it was the medical bungling he saw there that decided him to become a physician. Little was then known of antiseptis. There was no Red Cross and soldiers were cared for simply by other soldiers, detailed for that work. The sight of a score of men, their wounds all washed with the same cloth and without change of water, had so impressed him that, when he himself was wounded and feared delirium, he bade his negro servant see to it that, whatever else happened, no "nurse" should be per-

mitted to touch him.

On his visit to Dundee he inquired of the older practitioners, partly out of mere fun, if there were an opening for a younger physician; could they, for instance, give him their night or out of town calls. Their forecast was so unutterably gloomy that he at once decided to stay and, after the inevitable period of watchful waiting, won a wife, an excellent practice and the cordial friendship of the older doctors.

Today he can smile at the rigors of that early country practice. Night rides of twenty miles through drifted snow or fathomless, black mud; payments in "barter," of hay, oats or corn meal; households whose keen sense of economy prompted them, on the recovery of one of their number, to divide up the left-over medicine and administer it, pro rata, to the other members of the family; such incidents were but a part of the day's work.

College trained men were few when he came and his part in the community life was a large one. For a time he published *The Dundee Record*, one of the precursors of *The Hawkeye*. He helped create and maintain the Dundee Literary Society and the Dundee Dramatic Club of other days. In addition to many other offices he has held the diverse positions of president of our village board, president of the Illinois Iron & Bolt company and rector of the St. James Episcopal Church. Indeed it would be difficult to name any local, progressive movement of the past forty years in which he has not had a part.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 7

L. H. WENHOLZ.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

It seemed absurd—going to L. H. Wenholz, my colleague upon the board of education, for information about “old Dundee,” but I speedily found I had not been misdirected, for his father came, not indeed before the Rovers and the Haverkampfs, but before the Fierkes and the Foelschows and, it is believed, when there was not yet in the whole community a single Schultz, Batt, Meier, Mueller or Miller; a state of affairs pointing to an antiquity so remote that I sympathized with the young lady who, when I made this startling announcement, exclaimed: “Father! Think of it—Dundee without any Millers. Why, it wouldn’t be Dundee.”

William D. Wenholz was born Sept. 26, 1823, in Neustadt, of the Province of Hanover, Germany, a good place to be born in, for the Hanoverians are regarded much as we look on the people of Boston—you may poke fun at them but it must be respectfully, or it shows that you have no true sense of the real fitness of things.

Early left without father or mother, he and his brother Henry were

brought up by friends but they acquired the, by no means universal, accomplishments of reading and writing and were kept in practice by being called on to read and write the letters of half the neighborhood.

As a young man, William learned two trades, both of which he was to practice later in America. He was a mason in summer and in winter he was a butcher—such was the German method of that time for providing rotation of callings and steady occupation.

Nov. 1, 1846, he married Maria Heinemann, and on Aug. 1, 1854, the young couple gathered together their little all and sailed for America. The voyage was long and stormy, occupying over six weeks, and when they landed in New York, at old Castle Garden, the vessel was without food and without water.

En route hither they stopped off for a few days with traveling acquaintances, this for the accommodation of the writer's source of information, for it was in the little town of Crete, Ind., that L. H. Wenholtz was born. As soon as he consented, the journey was resumed and on their arrival in Dundee they were met by the Hasses, with whom they had been in correspondence before leaving the old home. The Hasses at this time operated "the Spring Mill," in East Dundee, and were a hospitable headquarters for all newly arrived Germans.

In their decision to seek a new land the Wenholtzes had been influenced by two motives—the wish to better their material condition and an ap-

prehension for the future. Germany was not then the firmly united country that it has been for the past generation. Between Hanover and Prussia smouldered animosities threatening to burst into flames and they had no wish to await the day of a possible civil war.

At the same time that they sailed for North America, Henry, William's younger brother, set forth to seek his fortune in South America and his was one of the thousands of unwritten tragedies of American immigration. He reached his destination, sent back to Germany one letter and there the story ends. Many were the letters written and many the sad conjectures but no postman or returned wanderer ever brought news of him. William came at last to believe that he had been killed but it was only a half intuitive guess; his real fate remains to this day an unsolved mystery.

The log houses had not yet disappeared from this region—the Wenzholz family lived in two such—but they were fast giving way to something more modern. Much brick was being made and laid here and if every building on which the young German mason labored were to be by magic removed, ours would be a very different looking village. The Hunt block, and the Hunt and Brinkerhoff homes, the brick block on the east side, the older portions of the Illinois Iron & Bolt company plant, the first high school building (destroyed by fire in 1876) and the original portion of the building now standing, the first brick church of the Immanuel

Lutheran congregation, the abutments of the Dundee and Carpentersville bridges—all these and many more are in part or whole his work.

He was interested also in the building of other than material things. His name appears among the charter members of the first German Lutheran Church formed in our community, an organization into which went an amount of sacrifice and devotion which a later generation will do well to remember. For years he sang in its choir and his children recall his setting forth regularly on the rehearsal evenings, with book and tallow candle in hand—for in that day each member furnished his own share of the illumination.

Hardly had he made provision for the necessities of his own family when he began sending back money to his foster parents in the Fatherland, and this he continued to do regularly up to the time of their death.

One of the men with whom he long worked at his trade was Henry Transeau but he was first associated in a business way (though no actual partnership was formed) with Harmon Wollaver. It was agreed between them that the last to survive was to brick over the other's grave and in 1893 Harmon Wollaver, the older of the two, faithfully performed this last sad service for the comrade at whose side he had worked for so many years.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 8

MRS. JANE CUMMINGS DUFF.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

There are some things to be said even for war: It was war, for instance, that opened Kane County for settlement.

1832, which is the 1492 of our local history, saw a band of Indians, bent on what they declared to be a peaceful errand, return to the east bank of the Mississippi, and at their head was Black Hawk. His flag of truce was fired on by our volunteers and, justly incensed, he brought carnage upon the frontier. Defeat and capture followed but, after a trial, he was returned to his people, charged with nothing more serious than "honorable warfare." Meanwhile the disbanded militia had returned home to tell of the attractiveness of this hitherto almost unknown country.

All this may be read in the histories but in the same year that these stirring events were taking place, Jane Cummings was born, in Truxton, Cortland county, New York. Her history and the history of Kane county start even.

Her father, Guy Carleton Cummings—named for the Sir Guy Carleton of revolutionary times—was a

man of large resources, both commercial and inherent but he had the misfortune to be caught in the teeth of a controversy as historical as the Black Hawk War and, in some respects, more disastrous. President Jackson was fighting the Bank of the United States and, when the fight was over and "Old Hickory" victorious, the lifting smoke revealed Guy C. Cummings as one of the innocent bystanders who had greivously suffered. His whole fortune was gone and, practically barehanded, he turned westward to find for his wife and family a new home.

That was in the spring of '38. He came alone into a part of Illinois from which the tribe of Indians who gave to the Fox River its name had but newly been removed. Here he built a log cabin, on what came to be known as the "John Hill farm" between Dundee and Huntley and wrote east for his family.

The wife and seven children made the first stage of their journey, Syracuse to Buffalo, via canal boat, with good food and good sleeping accommodations but not with modern speed. The motive power was the horse on the tow path and at night the canal greyhound tied up. Thus were consumed eight days; a period during which a man could now leave New York, travel to San Francisco, take a plunge in the Pacific, and return to New York.

At Buffalo the father met them and the trip to Chicago was made by lake steamer. There they remained for a couple of days, while arrangements were being made to bring them

to Dundee. Chicago was a straggling village set in a quagmire and in the two brief days of their stay "we children, I suppose, went into every house in Chicago." Evidently it was an easier task in that day than it would be in this. Old Fort Dearborn was still standing and that they visited.

Most of the teams were ox teams but the wagons that brought them to Dundee were drawn by horses. One of the sights never again to be seen here was that of the breaking of the virgin prairie by a breaking plow drawn by six yoke of oxen. Rigorous as was the pioneer life, the good times somehow overshadowed the hard times. "Sometimes our bean porridge did not have very many beans in it but I can't make any bean porridge today that would taste as good as that did. We had good crops—wheat, corn. I remember one time father had two thousand bushels of corn in his oak corn crib. We had plenty of everything excepting sugar, shoes and stockings—and money."

The Scotch, with some money and more than the ordinary amount of education, "mixed well" with the settlers from New York and New England. All new comers were welcomed and taken at first into the families of those already established—"the house seemed to stretch." Then, often after weeks of such crowded life, the neighbors would all turn in and help the new comer build a home of his own.

Almost historic was the first Fourth of July celebration held in this section. There was a large at-

tendance and during the course of the program one man sang a song of earlier days:

Ye parliaments of England,
Ye lords and commons too,
Consider well what you're about,
And what you're about to do.
You're now at war with Yankees,
I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You've roused the sons of liberty,
In North America.

The singer himself was of pure English blood and from no vicious impulse did he thus lightheartedly poke up the embers of a supposedly dead conflict. He happened to know the song and it seemed to him suited to the occasion but it grated so harshly upon the ears of a hyphenated Scotchman that, by way of showing his disapproval, he mounted the platform and seized the singer by the hair. For a few moments primitive warfare reigned; then law and order reasserted themselves and an improvised Hague tribunal exacted mutual concessions and restored permanent peace.

If her townsfolk knew the pleasure of visiting with "Aunt Jane," she would, I fear, be overburdened with callers. Sometimes there is a minor note: "Yes, I have seen all the improvements, from the Indian dug-out to the aeroplane—but all my mates are gone." But oftener there is the glow of humor or the sparkle of wit: "Yes, my father raised nine children—and not a fool among them. I guess I was the nearest a fool of any." To the mind of the interviewer it speaks well for the other members of the family.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 9

F. H. HAVERKAMPF.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The great majority of our townspeople of German blood came from the two provinces of Pomerania and Mecklenburg, and in Grimmen, (so I have been told by one who visited that little village some dozen miles from the Baltic Sea) the name of Dundee is as well known as it is in Barrington or Huntley. But the first German emigrants came, apparently from Hanover—the Hasses, the Rovers, the Wenholzes, the Plinkes, the Steinwarts were Hanoverians, and so too were the Haverkampfs.

We find again the traditional three brothers. Henry, the oldest, a cabinet maker by trade, and John, a tailor, came to America together, in 1852. John remained in Chicago, where he in time acquired a fortune. Henry learned of an opening for a cabinet maker in Dundee and coming here went into partnership with Charles Rover, Sr., whose son, Charles Rover, Jr., is said to have been the first child of German blood born in Dundee. In 1855 (?) Fred H., the third Haverkampff "boy," then seventeen years of age, followed his two brothers to the new world. A sister, Mrs. Gronemann of Elgin, came much

later.

In Germany Fred had followed his father's occupation of stone cutter and was often in charge of the men assigned to various pieces of work. Drinking among the men led to many minor accidents, these in turn to paternal scoldings of the young foreman, and the resentment at what he felt to be this unjust blame had much to do with his decision to come to America. The voyage was on a sailing vessel, for the price asked on any of the few steamers of the day was—for him—prohibitive. It took forty-nine days to reach New York and ten more to get from there to Chicago. One of the first things he did on his arrival was to fall sick. He had to be taken to a hospital and there he incurred debts which it took him literally years to pay off.

In Dundee, where he joined his brother Henry, he did at first any honest work that would bring money, in however small amounts. Some of his spare time he spent whittling clothespins and one can but regret that he did not save one of them, for a genuine, hand-made American clothespin would today be about as much of a curiosity as a pine tree shilling. He cut wood for one of the pioneer Scotch farmers, at 50 cents a cord—3 cents apiece for fence posts. He walked to the farm from Dundee and carried his lunch; often enough he was hungry.

Finally he secured a position as clerk in a store on the east side of the river, kept by Alfred Edwards, father of H. C. Edwards. The salary was \$2 per month and board; increased the

second year to \$240 per year; the third year to \$450, when he was at last able to pay off his hospital debt; and then to \$600. This wage he was permitted to supplement by work in the fields at harvest time. For some of this work he was paid as high as \$1.50 per day and his growing familiarity with the English language made him especially valuable as an interpreter to newly arrived laborers.

He had had, when he landed, six months of schooling; but now he found means of adding to this meagre educational equipment. The children brought home Sunday school papers, left them upon the counters and he treasured and read them, Mr. Edwards was an ardent supporter of the Chicago Democrat, "Long John" Wentworth's paper. Many of the articles were read aloud and discussed in the store, and when it closed at nine and the shutters had been put up, the young clerk, guided by such scraps as he had overheard, would pour over the same articles until he had mastered his self-imposed lesson.

After seven years of clerking he married and bought out the Bosworth store on the west side, the new firm being first known as Haverkamp & Liebler. Chickens were then a drug on the market, but good dairy butter brought 6 cents a pound and fresh eggs 3 cents a dozen "in trade." The Chicago market was "off" however and eggs piled up until their accumulation became a nightmare. Finally he ventured the then novel experiment of packing them and it succeeded beyond his best expectations. When, some thirty-five years ago, he

sold out and moved to Kansas, he was counted one of the solid men of the community.

F. H. Haverkamp was one of the three who started, and won, the first anti-saloon fight in Dundee—a story there is not space to tell here; and the same three were the founders of the Dundee Public Library. Half the first invoice of books were in English and half in German, and he still has the original list of titles.

But the name of Haverkamp is more prominently associated with the life of the German Methodist Church than with any other chapter of our local history. Henry Haverkamp was for years its lay pastor and (that he might be buried from it) held title to the building, as trustee, until his death. Fred H. Haverkamp was long its Sunday school superintendent. At first the meetings were held in the homes of the members, but, at the suggestion of David Binnie, who himself started the subscription, they bought the then dilapidated Scotch Presbyterian Church (still standing) and, with the help of the presiding elder, made of it a suitable place of worship. At one time there was a membership of about twenty-five. "But some of them moved away." Reminiscently Mr. Haverkamp called the roll of names, adding those who had remained to be absorbed into other churches. "I myself moved away. We did our best—but we failed."

Not so, I think. For no man who has pulled his own weight and given of his surplus time and energy to the betterment of his community has ever really failed.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 10

A. F. CHAPMAN.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

There is a natural and entirely proper curiosity which is not purely historical. It is not simply where stood the first school house, who was the first white child, what was the site of the Indian village that used to lie somewhere below the brick yard. Take a friend who, as long as you can remember, has occupied one conspicuous and apparently permanent place in the community and you sometimes wonder what sort of father and mother he had, what was the school he attended, what boys made him "chaw raw beef" when he went in swimming, where he stole apples and how he "got his start." Such things I had wondered about a certain good friend of mine until, on a drive through the country, he one day told me a whole string of stories, some of which are re-told here (truthfully) and some of which I have re-told elsewhere, with embellishments, under the guise of fiction.

He was born in eastern Ohio, of parents not native to the soil, though both had come to this country as children. At sight of his first train of cars he was old enough to run away and did, in mortal terror. Most of

his boyhood was spent in Leesville, Carroll County. His father was the village blacksmith, also a strong Wesleyan Methodist and a strong abolitionist, which meant excitement, for the "wet" and "dry" fight of our day is a tame affair compared with the anti-slavery agitation of that time.

The schools were one of the institutions affected. Anti-slavery families, the Chapmans among them, had aided runaway slaves, some of whom had remained in the vicinity, finding work in the nearby mines. The more ardent abolitionists insisted that the children of these negroes must be admitted to the schools with the white children and the pro-slavery neighbors objected. One day a mob descended upon the school and drove out all the black children. There were retaliatory measures and finally the altercation was settled by the summary method of burning the school house. For two years there was no school; then another building was put up. That too was burned and one result of it all was that the subject of this sketch mastered the First Reader, acquired a bowing acquaintance with long division—and stopped. All the education that he has since acquired has been picked up on the run.

One of his early memories is of the tense excitement in town when there came the news that a fanatic named John Brown had captured Harpers Ferry and was seeking to incite a servile insurrection among the negroes.

The stirring events of the Civil War came during the most impressionable years of boyhood and some of

them were enacted in the home town. One night, as a squad of newly enlisted recruits marched past, a southern sympathizer expressed the hope that one of them would never come back. It looked, for a moment, as if there were going to be a general fight; then the hot-headed ones were quieted, as was supposed; but, in the morning, when the boy looked from his window there dangled from a tree across the road a limp figure with a rope about its neck. The anonymous Judge Lynch had, in the darkness of the night, done his work and the "copperhead" was no more.

Morgan, the Kentuckian, rode through the town on his famous raid and scared the boy, as he confesses, out of six or eight months' growth. It was nine or ten in the evening; the steel shod hoofs of the galloping horses as they came down the rugged hillside struck fire from the limestone until it was like a shower of Roman candles. The village store was looted of its tobacco and the proprietor, professing southern sympathies, was made to stand on the horseblock in front of the store and give three cheers for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. The blacksmith was forced to shoe a couple of the horses. Then they were off again and, with the gray of the morning, came Shackelford's cavalry in hot pursuit and, before the confines of the county were passed, Morgan was taken.

At thirteen, the boy began learning his trade as a harness maker. His employer enlisted at the outbreak of the war and, for a while, he carried the mail across country. Then came

typhoid fever and left him so weak that when he would have enlisted, he was rejected.

After the war, he set out for himself. He was nineteen now, a good harness and saddle maker, and handy at general upholstery. Stopping a few days here and a week or two there, he worked his way across Ohio and into Indiana. At Fort Wayne he was advised to come to Chicago, but he did not like the city. In Elgin a man advised him to see Eaton Walker of Dundee and he did, only to learn that the job he wanted had just gone to another man.

Determined to find something to do, he walked out into the country and found work and friends. He grubbed out brush along the fences; later he joined a threshing outfit. It meant a wide circle of acquaintance among the farmers and some of them helped him to set up a harness shop in the brick block on the east side.

When the first milk car was sent from Dundee to Chicago, he gave up his shop and, for eight years, took charge of this car—and, "on the slide," of a host of miscellaneous errands and commissions. These extras were a thorn in the flesh of the all-powerful express companies and, when he one day brought out a half car load of pew cushions for the Baptist Church, it was the last straw. They rose in their might and made one sweep of all his perquisites. Not long after he resigned his position to buy into the business in which we have all known him. To speak of that might excite the suspicion that this is paid advertising.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 11

REV. J. H. C. STEEGE.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The Pilgrim fathers were no more anxious than were Dundee's first German settlers to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, which for most of them meant in their native tongue (How can any one get the best in worship except in his native tongue?) and in the fellowship of the church founded by Martin Luther. So it was very natural and it is highly creditable that, while they were yet few in numbers and poor in all but strength and determination, they established a local church in their new home.

There is not space to tell here of the sacrifices it cost or to name those prominent in its founding. The year 1862 marks its beginning and a Rev. A. H. Burckhardt was the first pastor, the first church building being erected, but not completed, in 1864. Mr. Burckhardt was followed by the Rev. Heinrich Schmidt and when he, in turn, was called to another field, the church in 1870, after a pastorless interval of six months, extended a call to a young man of twenty-nine named Steege.

He was born in Germany in 1841, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, of which

his father was a native. His mother came from Hanover and they with their four children, two boys and two girls, came to America in 1846. The trip to Hamburg was made by wagon and occupied a week or ten days. At Hamburg they took passage upon a sailing vessel and the voyage to New York filled seventy-one days, during which time the ship rode out two severe storms. The trip to Chicago, where they had acquaintances, was made via the regular route of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes and consumed ten or twelve days more. "We started in the spring and when we came it was fall."

The father had brought some money with him; not much but enough to buy from the government forty acres of Cook County land, at \$1.25 per acre. Were one to try to buy Cook County land with such an amount today, he would probably have to take it not by the acre, or even by the foot but by the wagon load. The farm, increased later by an additional eighty acres, lay between DesPlaines, then consisting chiefly of a steam mill, and Arlington Heights, which then did not consist at all, even in the imagination of a real estate agent. Here the father reared with his own hands a rude shack and in it they lived through a winter of unmeasured severity. One wonders, sometimes, at the endurance of the pioneer babies.

The family attended church at Elk Grove and it was one of the pastors of that congregation, a Rev. Mr. Sallmann, whose suggestion, combined with the wish of his mother and his own inclination, led the subject of

this sketch to himself enter the ministry. As a boy he had taken his share of the farm work and, little suspecting how large a space he was to fill in the life of the community, he had made one or two visits to Dundee --when there had been wheat to be ground.

In preparation for his life work, he studied first at Fort Wayne and then at St. Louis. His first pastorate was in the little town of Ida, in southeastern Michigan and there he married, his wife coming from the nearby town of Adrian.

Excepting his sister, the wife of the late August Taebel, thirty-four years a teacher in the Lutheran schools of Dundee, he had few acquaintances among his parishoners. The new church (not the church we know) was built but the pulpit, altar and sacristy were all added after his coming.

His salary was fifty dollars per month and so remained for twenty-five years. There were, to be sure, funerals and weddings but the fees were \$1.00, \$1.50, sometimes \$2.00, oftener they were 75 cents and frequently they were nothing at all, for his people were poor and there were school buildings as well as churches to be built and maintained, and teachers as well as preachers to be paid. On this meagre salary the young pastor did his work, met the thousand and one demands made upon every minister, bought his home and reared eight children. Three died in early life, the others were all educated, two studied theology and are now pastors. More than once he

received some relative who would not have known where else to look for a home. For months at a time, there were thirteen regularly at every meal. And he has ended the long struggle with a homestead unencumbered and practically rebuilt, with liabilities indeed but with "quick assets" that well exceed them and with a local credit that is "gilt edged." He himself gives the credit largely, and doubtless rightly, to his wife; there is a mist in his eyes when he speaks of her help. But even considering her, one is inclined to believe that the age of miracles came nearer our own than we ever suspected.

Next month it will have been forty-six years since he began his work in Dundee and four years more will mark the semi-centennial of his pastorate. Not many outside his own church know him intimately or realize the incalculable influence he has had but, however one may differ from him in creed, when he stands in his pulpit one must feel, to paraphrase a famous sentence, that seventy-five years of a pure life are about to speak to you.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 12

CHARLES BLOW.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The principal sources of our population are five: 1. The New Englanders. 2. The New Yorkers. 3. The Scotch. 4. The Hanoverians. 5. The Mecklenburgers and Pomeranians.

This is not the exact order of their coming, for some of the Scotch were among the first, but of these five elements Dundee is chiefly compounded. The Italians came only yesterday. There were some stalwart Irish but they were few in number. The English families one can count upon the fingers of one hand; yet the patriarch of our community is an English immigrant.

Charles Blow was born in the cathedral town of Lincoln in 1820—five years after the battle of Waterloo. His father and, he believes, his grandfather were shoe makers; and one of the glories of his childhood was a pair of "Wellington Boots," which his father made for him when he was seven.

There were six brothers and sisters and, at the age of five, he and a sister attended a private school. Two years later he passed to a public school. The boys and girls were taught in

separate grades and, as he recalls it, there were some two or three hundred boys in his division.

It was not exactly a Dotheboys Hall but one could probably find in Dickens descriptions that would fit it. Reading was taught in a very different fashion from that in which his daughter teaches it now. The A B Cs were first mastered by rote, then came a string of meaningless syllables like D-o do, M-o mo, and finally perseverance and arduous effort brought the child to something that could appeal to his intelligence. The first writing was done with a sand cone—a process so complicated that one wonders how it ever could have been tolerated. From that he graduated to slate and pencil and at last to the full dignity of paper and quill pen. The Bible was devoutly studied, straight through, a chapter a day, and he recalls how an inclement fortune saddled him with the unpronounceable name of Nebuchadnezzar. The crusade against corporal punishment was as yet unborn. When a boy misbehaved he was placed upon the back of another boy and flogged upon his bare skin, and not infrequently the birch rod drank blood.

One of his avocations during these years was singing and he was for a time a choir boy in the great cathedral which is one of the medieval glories of his native town. In vacation time, he with the other children, used to glean in the fields, behind harvesters who knew no other tools for reaping than the scythe and the sickle.

At fourteen he left school. The

following year he spent as office boy with an attorney and at sixteen he went to work as an apprentice at the shoemakers trade, specializing upon shoes for women. He finds it amusing to recall how little he suspected the tremendous revolution which the shoe industry was to undergo during his life time. "The first time I saw a sewing machine, I laughed. 'Huh!' I said. 'We're safe enough; they'll never make shoes with them.' " Yet he has lived to see a day when the trade of the individual maker of shoes has become almost a lost art; when every shoe made by the ordinary Goodyear-Welt process is the product of 209 pairs of hands and 160 machines. One of the early inventions which most amazed him was the friction match, it was such a vast improvement upon the old tinder box. His first locomotive he did not see until he was twenty-one.

He had married in 1844 and a brother-in-law who had come to America and done well induced them to come also. A party of nineteen, they embarked March 28, 1849, on the sailing vessel Elizabeth Bentley; landed in New York the last day of April, passed up the Hudson, after a day spent in New York, took the Erie Canal at Albany and, at Buffalo, started upon the lake trip to Chicago, arriving May 20th. His wife, who had been taken sick en route, died on the 30th, and ten days later one of their two children died. Those first days in the new world were sad ones.

He found work with another Englishman, John Knott, proprietor of a large shoe store on Dearborn street.

The following year he married a fellow employe—the niece of the owner, and if both live four years longer, they will celebrate their seventieth anniversary. They have had ten children, of whom eight are still living.

In 1856 they came to Dundee and the first work here was for a man named Paulding, who had a shoe store, sales room below and work room above, on the site of THE HAWKEYE office. Later a shop of his own was opened on the other side of the street. In 1880 he was appointed to bring the mail from the depot. There was not much of it, in that day, one little sack in the morning and one little sack at night, but by way of compensation, there were occasional adventures. During a spring freshet, he stepped off the Main street bridge just in time to see the current lift it and bear it down stream; and when trains were blocked he brought the mail from Elgin through howling blizzards. For twenty-two years he was our village postman.

At ninety-four, after seventy-seven years' work at his trade, a man is entitled to retire; but our oldest inhabitant has done it regretfully. "I gave up cobbling shoes last year," he confesses, "but," he adds, "I wish I was in it now."

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 13

MRS. ELEANOR QUACKENBUSH.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

"How soon ——" sadly mused Rip Van Winkle, after his twenty years' nap, "How soon are we forgotten!" And, if any one doubts it, let him ask his nearest neighbor who were the three most distinguished men who ever lived in Dundee.

Not Mrs. Eleanor Quackenbush is the subject of this sketch, but her grandfather, whom she never saw, and who died sixty-five years ago at the ripe age of eighty. He was unquestionably the first of Dundee's three worthies and to his grandchild have descended a few priceless mementoes and a few traditions of the day when he was doubtless pointed out as "our most prominent citizen."

George McClure was already a distinguished man when at the age of sixty-four he came to what was then the frontier. Born in 1771, near Londonderry, Ireland, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he had in 1791 emigrated to Baltimore and later moved to Bath, New York, where, to quote one of the authorities, "he studied law, and was successively a member of the legislature, sheriff, surrogate and judge of Steuben County."

He volunteered in the war of 1812

and became a brigadier general, holding in 1813 a command on the Buffalo frontier. In evacuating the village of Newark, now Niagara, he burned it and the enemy promptly committed "reprisals," charging an "atrocities;" but, by way of defense, the family show a yellow slip of paper bearing the signature of a "man higher up" and declare that their ancestor did only what is the duty of every soldier—he obeyed orders.

In business life he was a miller. There were two mills in Bath and to a complaining customer he was accustomed to say: "Well, if you think they don't treat you right at the yellow mill—go to the red mill" Which was a piece of pleasantry, for he owned both. The early thirties brought financial reverses that led him to bring his family, four sons and four daughters, into the west. They came by the regular lake route and he bought a large tract of land in this region, paying the regulation government price of \$1.25 per acre. The date of his coming was 1835 and our really first settlers had come only the year before. On what is now the Krahn farm, near the spot where stands the schoolhouse of the Browning district, he built his new home—a log house—and proceeded to make it a center of culture and hospitality.

Enterprising, public-spirited, energetic, he had a wide circle of acquaintance. Friends from Chicago rode or drove out to spend a few days at the general's country home. Some were officers from Fort Dearborn and among them a young Captain Jamieson, a West Point graduate. His

friendship for the general's oldest daughter, Mary, developed into a romance and their wedding is said to have been the first marriage service performed in the township.

Religion was not neglected at the log house. "Father" Clark, founder of both the Dundee and Elgin Congregational Churches, preached there and with him alternated a Rev. Mr. Elmore, a Baptist minister, who, some of the county histories declare, conducted the first religious service in the township.

One corner of the same social and welfare center was the first postoffice and the general was the first postmaster; but the letters did not come addressed "Dundee," they were marked "McClure's Grove." One day a little boy whose last name was Hoxie and whose first name was Homer went over to see if there was a letter for his folks, and there was; but he came home without it, because there was two shillings postage due and he did not have the two shillings.

The general was, with all the rest, an ardent abolitionist, a contributor to The Freesoiler and other anti-slavery papers, a friend of "Long John" Wentworth and the Lovejoys. Yet he was once a slave-holder, which happened on this wise: He had a son in the regular army who, like the other young officers, possessed a colored body servant. The negro was of more than ordinary intelligence, had learned to read and write and, on the death of his young master, in the Black Hawk War, wrote Gen. McClure announcing the sad occurrence. He added that he realized that he himself

had now become the general's property but he gave his word of honor that his young master had promised that, at a certain specified time, he should receive his freedom. The general was about as likely to continue a slave holder as a modern Methodist preacher would be to continue running a saloon which he might by accident have inherited, and the faithful slave received his freedom at once.

Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Quackenbush's mother, was the youngest of the family and, as a child, attended school in Chicago, living with her married sister. Each morning a soldier from the fort would take her in a skiff across the Chicago River to a little school house on the North Side and in season she picked huckleberries along the bank of the stream. Often she saw Indians in their birch canoes on our own river and always she was perfectly fearless. Justly so, for in her childish association with them she was a great favorite, chiefly, she was wont to declare, on account of her red hair, which they regarded as a mark of wierd and transcendent beauty.

In later life the general moved to Elgin and it was there he died in 1851. The eight children scattered, most of them going farther west, and today one grandchild remains out of this large family which once filled so conspicuous a place in our community life.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 14

Mrs. Lillian Bumstead Wollaver.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

On the south coast of England, in the County of Sussex, is the little seaport town of Rye. London lies fifty-three miles to the northwest and, just a mile or two away, on the hill of Senlac, William the Conqueror fought, in 1066, his great battle with Harold the Saxon. All about Rye lie rich farm lands that have been under cultivation for a thousand years and some of these acres were tilled no one knows how many generations, by the family of Bumstead.

Thomas, who settled in Troy, New York, in 1830, was the first to come to this country; but was followed, in 1836, by Edward, the father of the late Dr. J. E. Bumstead, who however did not remain in New York. A neighbor family named Smith was coming to Illinois and they had a daughter in whom he was much interested. Had it not been for her, there might never have been a Bumstead in our community. After they were married Edward wrote to his brother Stephen and 1850 saw him established here.

Stephen had left behind him one son who had worked on a farm ever

since he was nine years old. In 1854 passage money for him had been gathered, partly in England and partly in America, and he and his little flock embarked on a sailing vessel. There was his wife, in a delicate state of health, and four children, Stephen, aged 8, William aged 6, Lillian aged 4, and James, a baby a year and a half old. For six long weeks they sailed and the mother was ill all the way.

Scenes of that voyage were photographed indelibly upon the minds of the children. One of the women passengers died and they saw the canvas-wrapped, shotted body slid from the plank into the deep. Just before they landed, there was a terrific storm and one of the sailors, sent aloft to grapple with it, lost his hold and, falling to the deck, was taken up lifeless. The food was poor and insufficient; the children sought to make up for it by their first meal ashore and, as a result, every one of them was made sick.

An immigrant train brought them to Chicago, where they arrived late on a Saturday night in September. The head of the family found our American system of handling baggage quite as mysterious as the average American tourist finds the English system. To him it appeared wholly unsafe to leave all his meagre belongings to be "checked"—whatever that might mean. So he stayed to watch the process and the family came on to Elgin alone. They arrived at the west side depot at midnight and found no one to meet them. They were in a strange town and they had

no place to go.

To the kind-hearted station agent they told their troubles and he gave them the best he had—some partly filled grain sacks, spread on the station floor. There they slept, in a fashion, until six in the morning, when the regulations provided that, on Sunday, the station should be locked. No one had yet come to meet them; they had no food and no money. Slowly therefore the little procession set out on foot for their unknown destination, six miles away. The mother, just recovering from her long illness, bore the baby, excepting when to relieve her the future senior deacon of the Baptist Church carried the newly appointed postmaster of Carpentersville "pick-a-back." The pangs of hunger gnawed at their vitals and the children cried—sometimes in solos and duets, sometimes in chorus.

Should you ever meet a dejected little immigrant group, of whatever blood, just stop and think for a moment of the civic and religious futures they may be bringing with them!

Near the spot where now the street car bridge crosses the river, they passed a family eating a late breakfast out of doors and, stopping to ask if they were on the right road, learned that they were. Also, the famished children were given some milk and some warm biscuits.

At noon, after six hours of tramping, they reached their destination, the Angelo Carpenter farm, now owned by H. C. Edwards. Grandfather and grandmother welcomed the children with open arms and it is

safe to say that all were promptly put to bed.

Carpentersville was then a village of less than forty dwellings, with no Illinois Iron and Bolt company, no Star Shops, no church—even the railroad passed by on the other side. The old woolen mill was there, but it was in its infancy. Old Library Hall was a one story school house, where on Sabbath afternoons there was a Sunday school and preaching. Dwight L. Moody once preached there. At another service, better remembered perhaps by the younger members of the congregation, the speaker suddenly noticed that his horse, hitched across the street, had broken loose, and he bolted out of the pulpit in swift pursuit.

Three generations of the Bumstead family, Stephen, the father, James, the son, and Will, the grandson, managed in turn the Angelo Carpenter farm, and James' oldest daughter did her full share in the work of both house and field, regretting it only when it broke up her school work, for she had high ambitions. That these hopes were never wholly fulfilled is due, one suspects, less to herself than to an encroaching influence. From New York State had come, in 1869, a young painter, named Wollaver and, in 1873, he persuaded her to give up some of her day dreams and help him realize some of his.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 15

Mrs. Jane Dempster Stone.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The name Dempster reminds one of Hall Caine's novel "The Deemster" and rightly, for the root word goes back to the Isle of Man and judicial dignity—the dempster, or deemster, was the judge of other days who "doomed" men for their crimes.

Alexander R. Dempster was born in the little town of Keith, near Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1811. The family was not wealthy but they were gifted and were ambitious for the best things. One of the brothers, William R., had a remarkable voice, which was given ample cultivation. Later in life he became a composer and one of his songs, the musical setting for Longfellow's "The Rainy Day," still remains a favorite. It was as he was completing his education and when his brother Alexander had just entered college that there occurred the death of their father.

In his father's grave Alexander buried all his hopes of a higher education. He must make his own way now and he set out to do it, first working as a hatter and later learning the trade of pen-maker—not of course the making of the steel pens, then unknown, but the making of the

quill pens, now extinct. The business, as we know, had no future, and evidently it had very little present, for at twenty-one he married, his wife being nineteen, and together they set their faces toward the New World. A six weeks' voyage brought them to New York, whence they came west by the regular route, Erie Canal and the Great Lakes

Chicago did not look good to them and they went farther. Accident may have led them to pick this spot, but, if so, it was an accident having large results, for A. R. Dempster was the vidette of all our Scotch immigration.

The young people had never farmed but, strong of faith in themselves and in the land of their adoption, they took up a claim on the east side of the river and built a log house. It was in the year 1835. Their daughter Kate, later Mrs. Malcomb McNeil, who was born there, is said to have been the first white child born in the county. A year later they sold their claim and moved to the west side, the farm now occupied by W. G. Sutfin, where they paid the government price of \$1.25 per acre for 160 acres of land and erected another log house. It was here that Mrs. Stone was born.

Some of his early recollections Mr. Dempster contributed to a paper published in Dundee forty odd years ago and from these it would appear that the Kane county variety of "Lo the poor Indian" was not altogether an undesirable citizen. His dress, hygiene and manners left much to be desired; his industry was not unimpeachable; his wife's culinary methods showed abundant lack of training

in domestic science; some of her ways of cooking indeed would induce the sensations felt by a sea-sick man at sight of a pork chop. But, on the other hand, he was never bloodthirsty. Kane County history has no Indian atrocities.

More than once, before the mill was built, the young pioneer made a two weeks' trip to have his corn or wheat ground and he was anxious enough about wife and baby left alone amid savage neighbors. But they were never molested. The worst that ever befell was that he was constrained to contribute supplies to the bands of Pottowattomies encamped in "Granny's Hollow" and Cedar Swamp. Such donations insured their friendship but the doctrine of "safety first" often prompted him to give more than he could well afford. In later years two Indians, a man and wife, lived on his farm and worked for him. The squaw helped care for the children and one day when Jane Blythe, the baby, was a trifle more troublesome than usual her older sister sold her to this squaw for a consideration of twenty-five cents. Naturally the bargain did not "stick" but it long served as a source of family recriminations.

The mail service was poor when A. R. Dempster came. One could, to be sure, get his mail as often as he liked but then he had to go to Chicago to get it—which was not always convenient. In 1837, when Gen. McClure, through the influence of friends at Washington, secured his appointment as postmaster at "McClure's Grove," things were a little better. Then

mail was brought regularly, twice a week, by the postman who made the trip on horseback from Chicago to Belvidere. Elgin at that time had no postoffice and, stung to envy at our better fortune, one of her prominent citizens petitioned for one. It was refused. Elgin, he was told, was too near to McClure's Grove.

Mr. Dempster's wife had died shortly after the birth of her son George. Later he married a young New England woman, living in the family of Allan Pinkerton, and of the two marriages there were born fifteen children. He had maintained a regular correspondence with friends in Scotland, and relatives and neighbors had followed in his wake. It is to a transient however that Dundee owes its name. Let the story be told in Mr. Dempster's own words: "A meeting was called to give the place a name. * * * Various names were suggested. Finally Alexander Gardiner, a Scotchman at work on the mill, proposed the name of Dundee, the name of the place where he came from in Scotland, which was carried by acclamation."

The poet Burns would have loved to picture A. R. Dempster—a man prompt, vigorous, deeply religious, intensely patriotic. The hyphen was not an issue in his day but, had it been, he would have spewed it out "I am a better American than you are," he said once to a gathering, mostly of native-born, held in the Baptist Church, "because—you couldn't help yourselves, but I'm an American because I wanted to be."

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 16

Franklin S. Bosworth.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

If any Dundee citizen ever grows envious of the larger population, the greater assets and dryer atmosphere of a nearby city sometimes arrogant enough to claim us as a suburb, let him console himself by reflecting how much of Elgin's prosperity is due to the infusion of new blood from upstream; for the Woodruffs, the Pecks and the Bosworths, to mention no more, all of them came from Dundee.

Many of us, most perhaps, have heard from the lips of father or grandfather the date of the year in which he sailed for America and the name of the little Old World village in which he grew up and went to school, but the Bosworths have lived long in the land which the God of the Pilgrims gave to their Puritan ancestors. Just how long, it would take a genealogist to determine, but we may well rest content with two hundred and forty years. On August 12, 1676, our United States histories tell us, King Philip's War ended in the capture of the sachem's last lair by colonial troops under command of Capt. Benjamin Church—and the wife of Capt. Church was a Bosworth.

Members of the family lived in

Rhode Island and Connecticut, thence some of them moved to Greenfield Center, Saratoga County, New York, and continued westward. The subject of this sketch was born in the little town of Boston, Erie County, New York, in 1832.

His father, B. F. Bosworth, born 1801, was, for his time, a man of very unusual attainments. A graduate of Union College, he had later studied medicine and practiced it for seven years before he came west, in 1835, to open a store in Chicago with Alfred Edwards, father of H. C. Edwards.

Grandchildren of people who came to Illinois in the thirties and early forties are prone to wonder why their progenitors did not simply sit down in Chicago and wait for the increase in land values to make their fortunes, but the blazed trail to wealth was in that day by no means so plain as in retrospect it appears. It seemed exceedingly doubtful whether farm land near the city was worth paying taxes on at \$5.00 per acre, when land just as good could be bought here for \$1.25. As to city lots, they to be sure offered speculative possibilities but most of them were mere welters of mud, about as unsightly as any real estate could be.

The firm of Bosworth & Edwards had moreover another reason for moving—the panic of '37. Goods were a drug on the market, collections were almost impossible and the partners finally decided to try to dispose of some of their merchandise outside the city. Dr. Bosworth went to McHenry and I. C. Bosworth, a brother-in-law of Alfred Edwards and an employe of the firm, was sent to

Dundee. A grist mill just built here made this a trading center for all the surrounding region and the ultimate arrangement was a partnership between Increase Bosworth and Alfred Edwards.

The venture in McHenry did not turn out so well. There in 1843, in the noonday of a life that promised abundant success and wide usefulness, Dr. Bosworth died, leaving to his father the care of his ten year old son. The boy came to Dundee and here grew to manhood. The house which his grandfather built and in which he spent his early life still stands, facing the Baptist Church, though today it has been remodelled beyond recognition.

One incident of his boyhood seems worth recording. Allan Pinkerton, as yet unknown to fame, was then one of our citizens and his wife is remembered by all who knew her as a woman of unusual beauty, possessed of a rich, sympathetic voice and a wide repertoire of Scotch songs. So strongly did these appeal to the usually unaesthetic ears of the small boys that Franklin Bosworth and his youthful chums were wont to bring offerings of hens' eggs to Mrs. Pinkerton and therewith bribe her to sing for them. Fortunate it is that the astute mind of her husband was never set to discover the source of those eggs, for Mr. Bosworth confesses that the boys would have had extreme difficulty in proving title.

One novel feature of the business life of that day was that the firm of Bosworth & Edwards at one time conducted two stores upon opposite

sides of Main street, one giving credit and the other selling strictly for cash. It was in this latter store that Franklin Bosworth began his business career, at the age of twelve or fourteen. His fellow clerk was H. C. Edwards and they received salaries of a dollar a week. Prices in the cash store were always lower and this with good reason, for interest rates in that day were high—often as high as 25%. The responsibilities of the clerks were not great; when in doubt one of them simply crossed the street and asked his father or uncle.

In 1852 the firm of Bosworth & Edwards dissolved partnership and Franklin Bosworth went into partnership with his uncle, Increase Bosworth, the two remaining together until 1866. Beyond such staples as sugar and coffee, Chicago jobbers offered little or nothing. New York was then the universal market and the local merchant made an annual trip and bought his goods for a twelvemonth. Frequently the four or five Dundee buyers went and returned together, in amicable rivalry.

In 1871 Franklin Bosworth moved to Elgin, where he came to occupy a place conspicuous enough so that he was twice elected mayor of the city; but he has not forgotten the town of his boyhood nor has it forgotten him. It may be added that this is not only the town of his own boyhood, but that his distinguished son, Dean E. I. Bosworth, of Oberlin Theological Seminary, is one who claims Dundee as his birthplace.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 17

Col. Jerome D. Davis.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

He is no longer a neighbor. Almost fifty years ago he left us to enter upon a career as full of strange scenes and picturesque adventures as any knight errant could have wished, but a few are still left among us who can recall a time when no one wrote Col. before his name or D. D. after it; when he was merely Jerome Davis, an awkward fifteen year old boy, rather tall of his age, who went to school here and studied hard indeed, but cleaned his slate in the most primitive fashion—spit on it copiously and then applied vigorous friction with the sleeve of his coat.

Jerome Dean Davis was born in Groton, New York, in 1836, of an ancestry that for generations had trusted God and kept their powder dry. Their faith was that of the Puritans and they backed it up with sturdy works. John Davis and John Woodbury, his two grandfathers, were both captains in the Revolutionary War.

It is authoritatively stated that, contrary to the generally accepted libel, ministers sons commonly turn out well and that for two reasons—they have a tradition to live up to

and they have very little money to spend. Both these influences tended to hedge Jerome Davis within the straight and narrow way. His mother died when he was eight years old and home duties multiplied for the children. When, in 1853, they moved west and took a farm near Dundee, Jerome could do all that had to be done in field or kitchen.

This is not a tract, but no one could write of Col. Davis and not mention religion. At thirteen he was converted and at fourteen he had already begun his conscious preparation for the ministry. The difficulties were many. Algebra he mastered without a teacher; he found, within walking distance, some one who could start him in Latin; but the Dundee of that day supplied not one man who could help him to the first principles of Greek pronunciation. When he entered Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis., it was with less than \$50.00 in his pocket. Even whole-hearted encouragement was lacking, for one pastor, to whom he confessed his ambition to enter the ministry, did not feel justified in going farther than to say, "Well, the Lord needs all kinds of preachers."

School teaching helped to provide college tuition. For a while he taught in the Bucklin district and opened the school with prayer, which in that day was regarded as an innovation. One memorable morning he announced that if the boys came back late from Bucklin's barn, where they were wont to play, they would be punished. Quite naturally they stayed late on purpose and planned an

insurrection—the first one he tried to whip, the others would fall upon him en masse. But the sequel proved their utter lack of preparedness, for with his stern eye upon them, they simply wilted and, beginning with the biggest boy, he conscientiously flogged them straight down the line. The authenticity of this incident cannot be questioned for one of the oldest merchants in Dundee was there, and recalls all the circumstances with painful distinctness.

On the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted as a private in the 52nd Illinois and, in the battle of Shiloh, where the regiment lost 170 men out of 500, won the commission of second lieutenant. While bearing the regimental colors, he received a severe wound in the thigh. Comrades, under his direction, gave such crude first aid as they could, but he speedily fainted from loss of blood and, when the battle was over, was left on the field for dead. Later he was carried to one of the river steamers, on the deck of which he lay for two days before his wound was dressed. In the Atlanta Campaign and the March to the Sea, he was advanced from rank to rank until as a "boy colonel" he led the 52nd in the Grand Review at Washington, May 24, 1865.

After the war he graduated from Beloit College and, in the fall of 1866, entered the Chicago Theological Seminary. For a part of this time he lived in Dundee, was a member of the Congregational Church and served it as clerk. During his senior year he supplied the church at Algonquin and old acquaintances remember how he

used to walk back and forth along the brow of the school house hill (then crowned by no school house) and there declaim his sermons. A church building was erected at Algonquin while he was there and he himself did a good part of the work in its construction.

His wife was Sophia Strong, a step sister of Mr. H. C. Edwards, and, on his graduation from the seminary in 1869, they moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming, there to take up the work of pioneer Home Missionaries, in a day when frontier town life was not inaptly described as "Hell on wheels."

Two years later they sailed for Japan, the third family to enter the work there under the American Board. No one being willing to sell or rent a house to this setter forth of strange gods, he finally managed to obtain shelter in an old heathen temple and here his oldest daughter was born. Other men might have grown discouraged but his wonderful resourcefulness helped him and his military record, I have been told by one of his colleagues, gave him prestige among the Japanese. His lecture on "The Civil War in America" never failed to draw an enthusiastic crowd.

His life work in Japan covered almost forty years, its greatest single achievement being doubtless the founding, jointly with Joseph Neesima, of the school known as the Doshisha. Col. Davis died in 1910, but four of his children, two in Japan, one in China and one in Africa, are today carrying on the work in which he set them so noble an example.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Data Concerning the Organization Which This Week Celebrated Its Diamond Jubilee.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

If our county histories are correct, the Baptists and Congregationalists may divide honors as to which was first on the ground, for it is stated that the first formal divine service in the township was held at the home of General George McClure, a Congregationalist, by a Rev. Mr. Elmore, who was a Baptist.

The local Baptist Church was organized in 1838 and was probably the first church duly established. This is however not absolutely certain, for the records of the local Methodist organization have disappeared and what was called "the Dundee Circuit" is known to have existed as early as 1839. The Congregational Church then came third, being organized on Monday, May 8, 1841, with nineteen charter members. Eighteen of these joined by letter and of the eighteen, ten were from Elgin, which is therefore fully entitled to be termed the Mother Church.

The place of organization was, as stated in the original minutes, "the school house at Dundee," evidently

the first building erected for school purposes in the village and standing on ground now owned by the Bethlehem Congregation, about midway between the church and the parsonage.

The moderator, Rev. N. C. ("Father") Clark, was a home missionary who organized several Congregational churches in this region, among them the First, of Elgin. He served the Dundee church during four brief pastorates, the last being in 1868, for but six months.

The nineteen charter members were Abiel, Anna and Elizabeth Barker, Amos Perry, Elihu, Lucy and Harriet McEwen. Squire and Alvira Simpson, W. R. and Lucy Hemmenway, Stephen K. and Eleanor Tourtelot, George and Sarah McClure.

The Barker family left this region soon after the church was organized and it has been impossible to learn whither they went or from what part of the east they originally came.

Amos Perry came from Elizabethtown, New York, and owned a farm on the west side of the river, near the Algonquin hill. Descendants of his are still living in the community and a great granddaughter is a member of the church and a teacher in the public schools.

Elihu and Lucy McEwen lived on a farm east of town and their daughter Harriet taught a private school in the Perkins home in the early 40s. Elihu McEwen was the first man elected by the church to the office of deacon and served from 1841 to 1855.

Squire and Alvira Simpson (Squire is a given name and not a title) were in 1841 tenants upon the John M.

Smith farm. He was a hatter by trade and in 1836 came west from Binghampton, New York. He served the church as deacon from 1856 to 1861 and the Simpson home is gratefully remembered by all who knew it. One whose recollections go back to the 40s recalls that it was a great place for church suppers and similar gatherings and adds, "Whenever anybody set off a drive it was—well, let's go out to Simpson's "

William R and Lucy Hemmenway, like most of the charter members, were farmer folk, though they did not remain on the farm as long as did some of the others. Mr. Hemmenway came west by team, in 1838, with Eaton and Dolliver Walker, from Uxbridge, Massachusetts. He was the first precentor or choir master of the church, served in the 52nd Illinois, and was for a long time post-master.

John and Abigail Giddings came from Essex, Mass., in 1838, and lived upon a farm just across the Barrington line. Their son, George, was deacon from 1881 to 1898.

Mrs Perkins was a sister of Mrs. Giddings. The two families came west together and their farms joined. Thomas and Elizabeth Perkins were the parents of Mr. Frank Perkins of Elgin, who is believed to be the only surviving child of a charter member.

The clerk of the organization meeting was Stephen Tourtelot, of French descent. He had come west from Bath, New York, where he married Eleanor McClure, a daughter of Gen. McClure.

Gen. McClure was in 1841 unques-

tionably the most prominent man of this region; and in the local church of today there is more of his blood than of any other charter member. Mrs. M. Quackenbush is a granddaughter; the church clerk is a great grandson; the junior deacon is a great grandson; the regular organist is a great, great granddaughter; one member of the choir is a great great granddaughter—and the list is still unexhausted.

The first church building, now used as a school house by the Bethlehem Lutheran Congregation, was erected in 1843 and contained some of the square pews of the New England type.

Janitor work was at first done by the women, in shifts of two, and it is related that in harvest time, when not a horse could be spared, Mrs. Giddings and Mrs. Perkins one day walked down from the farm, prepared the church for the service of the next Sunday and walked home.

For the annual spring cleaning, the laborers came with lunches, prepared for a day's campaign. Water was heated in a soft soap kettle over a bonfire in the yard, and when the carpetless floors and paintless pews had been scrubbed with brushes, soap and sand, there remained no spot, nor blemish, nor any such thing.

There are few particulars in which the pioneer church will not be found to bear favorable comparison with that of the present day, unless it be in the spirit of sectarianism. As to the future salvation of Baptists and Methodists, they appear to have hoped for the best, but to have felt that safety first demanded adherence to strict Congregationalism.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 19

William A. Pinkerton.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

One summer day a few years ago an automobile party stopped for lunch at the restaurant then occupying the Schmeltz building. The leader of the party seemed curious about the town and the proprietor of the restaurant sought to enlighten him. Yes, the large store on the corner was still sometimes called Hunt's Block and the brick dwelling opposite had been the Hunt homestead. On the site of the Baptist Church had stood at one time a "tavern" kept by Jesse Oatman, and on the spot where now G. C. Hall lives had stood the home and cooper shop of the famous Allan Pinkerton, who—and he continued the story.

Before lunch was over the embarrassed proprietor came back.

"I've just been talking with your chauffeur," he said, "and see I've been telling you some things that you know a good deal better than I do." The leader of the automobile party smiled. "Yes," he confessed, "I was born right up there on top of that hill and Allan Pinkerton was my father."

It is chiefly upon data furnished by

William A. Pinkerton that this and the following article are based.

Allan Pinkerton, the most celebrated man who ever lived in Dundee, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, August 25, 1819. His father, William Pinkerton, had been a sergeant of police and in the Glasgow riots received injuries which left him an invalid. He died when his boy was fourteen but, even before that, Allan had begun to make his own way and at twelve had been apprenticed to the trade of cooper. For years the family knew pinching poverty and he and his brother Robert were the main support of their widowed mother.

The one outstanding characteristic of Allan Pinkerton was his dauntless courage. With shams or halfway measures he had no patience. Injustice was to him intolerable and this disposition to plunge in and straighten out the crooked, at whatever cost, led him at the age of nineteen to join the Chartist movement.

To the average American the Chartist demands (the abolition of the property qualification for a seat in parliament, equal representation, payment of members and universal suffrage) appear almost as inalienable rights but to the government of that day they did not so appear and when Allan Pinkerton, who belonged to the branch known as "the physical force men" showed a prompt willingness to fight for his faith, the united kingdom speedily became too hot for him.

In 1842 he sailed for Canada but, on the day before embarking, he married Joan Carfrae, a young woman born in Edinburgh.

Their honeymoon was as adventurous as a novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Off the coast of Sable Island a storm descended upon them and they were wrecked. The passengers however escaped and the Pinkertons managed, with difficulty, to reach Montreal, and thence worked westward, by way of the Great Lakes, to Detroit. There they invested practically all they had in a horse and wagon and drove overland to Chicago, where Mr. Pinkerton found employment at his trade with a man named Lill, who as it happens was that brother-in-law of "Uncle" Charles Blow who had induced him to come to America.

In 1843, influenced possibly by the number of their countrymen living in this vicinity, the Pinkertons moved to Dundee. A cooper shop was established and grew until in time it employed eight or nine men. Among these were often some negroes, for the same intolerance of oppression that made Pinkerton a Chartist made him also a rabid antislavery man. He had himself been a fugitive from a bastard "justice" and every fugitive slave found in him a true friend. His aloofness from the organized church (profound as was his friendship with many deeply religious men) is doubtless to be attributed to the temporizing attitude of many of the churches toward slavery.

Then came the event, a hazy tradition of which still lingers among us.

The first score of years of any new country are commonly "wild and woolly," and this region was no exception. We had our horse thieves and

our desperados and many respectable citizens thought best to play safe and let sleeping dogs lie—otherwise some night your barn was likely to catch fire. But Allan Pinkerton was a man to meet trouble at least half way and, at his threatening aspect, trouble frequently turned tail.

He had to forage for his cooper's supplies—capital being short—and one day, cutting hickory hoop poles on an island above Algonquin, he stumbled upon a cache of counterfeit money. The island seems to be positively identified by Mr. Pinkerton's own writings and his discovery, with the events which followed, gave it the name of "Bogus Island;" but of late years this picturesque title seems to have disappeared from the vocabularies of our canoeists and this historic spot is now known as "Basswood Island." With a "canniness," characteristic of his race, Allan Pinkerton told no one of his find excepting B. C. Yates, the sheriff at Geneva, and Yates appointed him a special deputy with instructions to keep watch for any who might come to dig up the horde. No man now living can tell in detail exactly what happened, but Allan Pinkerton watched, there was a chase, a fight, and the ultimate capture of the counterfeiters—a formidable gang of men and women, interested in diversified criminality, including horse stealing and murder.

After which Pinkerton "shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows" and like John Burns of Gettysburg, went back, if not to his bees and his cows, then to his casks and his barrels. He had not the vaguest notion of having

started himself on a new career; he had simply been one of a posse to round up a bunch of bad men.

Gen. McClure was a distinguished man before ever he came to Dundee and Col. J. D. Davis won his brightest laurels after leaving, but Allan Pinkerton achieved the beginnings of his fame while he was still among us. "Achieved" however is not quite the word, for, dividing great men into Malvolio's three classes, Allan Pinkerton would undoubtedly have classified himself as one who had had greatness thrust upon him.

This way it happened:

One hot July day of 1847 and on a spot where now the Hall and the Haertel babies play, Cooper Pinkerton was busy in his shop along with his eight employes. A visitor would have had difficulty in identifying "the boss," for he was dressed in a coarse hickory shirt, a pair of blue denim overalls and—nothing more. A hurry up call came from Hunt's store and the most celebrated man who ever lived in Dundee started, just as he was; barefootedness upon the part of the adult population did not, apparently, occasion as much excitement in 1847 as it would now.

H. E. Hunt and I. C. Bosworth, at that time prominent storekeepers, were waiting for him.

"We want you," said Mr. Hunt, "to do a little job in the detective line."

The future terror of crooks and criminals laughed them to scorn.

"What do I know about detective work?" he exclaimed. "My line is the cooper business."

Bosworth reminded him that he had

helped to break up the gang of "cooney" men and horse thieves on Bogus Island and he consented to hear what it was they wanted.

A counterfeiter was, they believed, at that very moment in town. The man did not look the part but he had asked the way to "Old Man Crane's" which of itself was suspicious. Also, there had recently been afloat in the community some finely executed counterfeit ten dollar bills of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company's Bank.

Here the man at whose door opportunity was pommelling, again raised his voice in protest.

"But what do I know about counterfeiting?" he demanded. "I never saw a ten dollar bill in my life."

And this, he adds, in his story, was literally true.

"Now, Allan," urged Hunt, there is no time to waste. You—"

"But what am I going to do?" insisted the recalcitrant.

"Do? Well—the best you can."

And Allan Pinkerton made probably the most important decision of his life when, without going home for his boots, he walked across the road to Eaton Walker's harness shop.

Outside a horse was hitched and inside he found the owner, a man sixty-five years of age, nearly six feet in height, well dressed, and of dignified, commanding appearance.

Pinkerton played the part of a village loafer, for which his "make-up" so well fitted him, and drew the question as to the road to "Old Man Crane's." His guarded answer inspired confidence. There was an ex-

change of a few sentences and an appointment was made.

In a ravine across the river (one would like to be able to identify the spot) they met and threw themselves down on the grass, the stranger with the handles of two finely mounted pistols protruding from his coat pockets, Pinkerton wholly unarmed, alert, wiry, and ready for any emergency.

Having learned Pinkerton's story, the stranger gave his name as John Craig. He frankly confessed to the business he was in and exhibited two specimens of his wares. He never carried more, he said, and always had some \$2,000.00 in good money. His "stock" was carried by a confederate, who "planted" it where his "agents" could find it; terms were 25%, \$125.00 in good money bought \$500.00 in the counterfeit \$10.00 bills. Pinkerton, truthfully enough, protested that he had no such amount but believed that he could raise it and an appointment was made for that afternoon.

The place was the hilltop now crowned by the Elgin Academy, where at that time the first story of the first building stood unfinished—a spooky sort of a place, as old residents declare and one well adapted to such a meeting. Pinkerton paid over his money, furnished by Bosworth and Hunt, and received the counterfeits; then his professed enthusiasm led to talk of his being a "wholesale agent" and another appointment was made, this to be at the Sauganash Hotel in Chicago, Pinkerton promising to bring with him a friend who would furnish the needed capital.

His plan was to induce Craig to

deliver the money to this "friend" (an officer) and thus to take him red-handed. But something roused Craig's suspicions. He took a turn around the block to think it over and when he returned, refused to recognize Pinkerton or admit that he had ever seen him before. Pinkerton promptly retaliated by placing him under arrest but Craig played his part to the finish; courteous and dignified, he continued, even at Geneva, to be the injured innocent, until one morning he turned up missing, thanks, it is believed, to the sheriff's sympathetic co-operation.

But the event had been widely discussed and it had two far-reaching effects. It made this region unhealthy for counterfeitters, their golden age was over; and it made the fame of Allan Pinkerton. Calls came that gave him work county wide, state wide and then nation wide. He was the first detective employed by the Chicago police department; in 1850, under a guarantee of \$10,000.00 per year from several railroads, he established the Pinkerton Detective Agency, now employing over 2,000 men and with agencies in every civilized country in the world; in 1860 he went to Washington and organized the government secret service.

His larger work brought him not only fame and fortune, it brought him also great friendships. John Brown was one of his friends; Abraham Lincoln was another, and probably the proudest achievement of his life was to be able, just on the eve of the inauguration, to save the emancipator from the hand of the assassin.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 21

Alonzo Beverly.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The name is an old one, with deep roots that strike far below the surface loam of English into a rich sub-soil of Middle English and Anglo Saxon, the seed germ being, according to one authority, a word signifying *lea*, *field*—which one is inclined to consider a rather appropriate derivation.

Long before George Barr McCutcheon wrote "Beverly of Graustark," the name was a favorite in English fiction. Edward Moore used it to name a tragedy; Richard Brinsley Sheridan used it and so did Sir Walter Scott. There is in Yorkshire, England, a town of Beverly, having close to 13,000 population and containing the celebrated cathedral church of Beverly Minster. Also, there is in Essex County, Massachusetts, seventeen miles from Boston, another Beverly which claims about the population of its English namesake.

All this indicating the splendor of ancestry and long descent with which our local Beverlys might dazzle us if they chose—as, happily, they don't. For the purpose of this sketch, it will be sufficient to go back to Lysander

Beverly, who if the latest of our county histories is to be believed, was born in New York state in 1818, married a Massachusetts girl and, in 1840, brought her into this region.

He was a shoemaker by trade and for years the family footwear was all home made but, like all the other pioneers, he had to take to farming—no other occupation offered even a living—and he succeeded at it. His original "claim," staked out before accurate surveys had been made and fenced with rails split by his own hands, grew gradually until it came to be what a member of the English branch of the family would doubtless have called an "estate."

But that was later. In the beginning, the Beverlys, like all the rest, were poor, living in a log house, built largely with their own hands, out of logs cut in their own woods. It was in this house, situated in the southwest corner of Barrington township, that the subject of this sketch was born in the year 1848. He recalls how the fire used to be kindled with flint and steel in the wide fireplace and how at meal times the children always stood, for the excellent reason that there were not chairs enough to go around.

Elgin was their community center and the town of which Mr. Beverly was later to be mayor was visited only occasionally. But there is a very distinct boyhood recollection of the interior of the Baptist Church when "Elder" Parmalee preached there and when each pew had its door, after the formal fashion of the early New England churches.

Their first school house was of logs. There were no blackboards, no maps. The seats were made by sticking four pegs into auger holes bored in a slab and the feet of the younger children dangled some six or eight inches above the floor. But it was a good school. Indeed one of our pioneers declares that our first teachers were considerably better than the second "crop," having been educated in the east, while those who immediately followed knew only the cruder culture of the frontier. The teacher was paid \$2.00 per week and "boarded round," the length of her stay being regulated (supposedly) by the number of children. She thus learned, at first hand, the home surroundings of all her pupils but it was a knowledge that sometimes cost all it was worth.

At the same time he was studying readin'. 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, the boy of our story was also taking special courses in agriculture, with his father as tutor. He knew farming in this region long before the production of milk became our chief industry. He has himself done farm work with oxen and helped wash sheep near where the footbridge now crosses the river; he remembers too when the wheat must all be taken by team to Chicago to find a market.

Thus equipped for the life of a farmer, it is not surprising that before he was twenty-five years of age he bought the farm which as a resident and "absentee" landlord he has successfully conducted up to the present time. Most of the farms were at that day still in the hands of the men who pre-empted them. One or

two families had moved into town, but the Slades and the Westerns, the Hawleys and the Iricks, the Bucklins and the Morses were all there. Had they but known it, it was the golden age of Penny Street—a fullness of neighborhood life into which they had for years been growing and which they were never again to equal. All of them had practically the same traditions and ideals and one religious denomination “owned” the street—of a Sunday morning the road was clouded with the dust of the buggies and wagons later to be housed in the then wide extended sheds of the Baptist Church. To have known the later history of the street might have saddened some of those pioneers, for when, grown prosperous, they retired and moved into town, they were followed by tenants, the sons of few owners stayed with the soil. Today only one farm (the Bucklin farm) remains in the hands of the family that took it from the government. Men whose fathers learned farming upon the shores of the Baltic have entered in and possessed the land and under their strenuous persuasion Penny Street has begun to bloom again.

What will it do when these owners in turn grow prosperous and retire? Will their sons succeed them, or will they too seek other occupations? As the farms have in large measure passed from New Englanders to Germans, will they one day pass to Poles or Italians? No one knows. The only thing that can be predicted with certainty is that the future will probably be very different from what the wisest of us can foresee.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 21

William Forrest.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

There was a time in England when, if three laborers met to plan some means by which they could secure an increase of wages, their employer could have them brought to trial for conspiracy. That law did not of course survive the Industrial Revolution, it was probably swept away by the Reform Bill of 1830 but, if it remained as late as 1847, it had become, like some of our modern laws, a dead letter, for in that year occurred a strike, in Lanark, Scotland, and it had far reaching consequences.

William Wallace, the Scottish hero, had lain hidden in the Lanark woods; Robert Owen, the founder of British socialism, had owned mills in the county town. Near the little village of Carluke there were iron mines and it was in these that the strikers were employed. The methods of that day were appallingly wasteful of money. For instance, a "by-product" known as blaes was simply burned instead of, as now, being used for the manufacture of paraffine oil; and wasteful also of human life, though that the owners would quite likely have found less disturbing. Men were sent down

into pits where their safety lamps burned dully as Chinese punk and where they could work only when the wind was in the northwest. Children, ten years of age, slipped their little shoulders into crude harnesses and, one pushing and one pulling, brought up carts containing from a third to a half a wagon load of ore. Flesh and blood stood it until a man was forty, then he was fit for the scrap heap. All this however the miners took as a matter of course. It was just what it always had been; a trifle better, if anything, and their strike was not for better working conditions but for higher wages.

In one particular fortune favored them; they did not have to lie idle. It was harvest time and some went into the fields, while others found work on the Calendonian Railroad, just then building. At the end of thirteen weeks they were beaten and had to go back to the pits but the defeat rankled and many cast longing eyes across the sea, the more so that two of them, Hugh and William Griffith, had an older brother, Robert, who had come to America.

Hugh Griffith, father of W. S. Griffith, was a little better off than some of his neighbors and possibly a little more enterprising. During the summer of the strike he had learned to handle that then new agricultural implement, the cradle. William Griffith, who, like his brother, had gone into the mines at ten, had worked up until he was now running the engine whose constant pumping kept the mines free of water and kept his Scotch conscience uneasy about the

Sabbath work involved. But both looked forward to something better than ending their days as miners and read with eager interest their brother's glowing accounts of the opportunities of the Fox River Valley.

It took a year before the dissatisfaction assumed tangible form but in the summer of 1848 a party of thirteen sailed down the Clyde, en route to Dundee, Illinois, and one of that company was an eleven year old boy named William Forrest. He too was a native of Lanark, but neither he nor his father, who was a carpenter, had ever worked in the mines. At six he had been sent to a good school, where his parents paid his tuition, rather than have him attend the public school, which the educational theory of that day regarded as an institution for paupers.

The party spent seven weeks upon the Atlantic, landing in New York on the eve of Independence Day; spent nine days on the Erie Canal and four more on the Great Lakes, before they reached Chicago, where they engaged two wagons, which in another day and a half brought them and their possessions to Dundee.

The night of their arrival is a vivid memory. At a primitive hotel, where now stands the home of Rev. Mr. Steege, they were directed across the river and at the Oatman Tavern explained to the sleepy proprietor that they were seeking Robert Griffith. He sent them to A. R. Dempster, as the man likely to prove most helpful to wandering Scotchmen, and it was one of his sons who brought them to their final destination.

The following morning the two Griffith "boys" came down to Dundee seeking a job, and were set to work by James Grant in his harvest field.

Young William Forrest and his mother (the father had for the time being remained in Scotland) had also to find work. Mrs. Forrest had been a famous nurse in Scotland and there was soon need here for her services. William went on a farm and, for his first nine months labor received \$13.00. For two years, 1849 to 1851, he was with "Uncle" John Crichton, then he went to Deacon Hugh Todd and remained for thirteen years.

There was plenty of work but it was very different from the constitution destroying grind of the boys in the iron mines. Driving in the cows, helping with the haying, making garden, and tending baby while the older ones milked, these were some of the tasks of the day and many an evening did Mrs. Todd, who had been a school teacher, spend in drilling William, with the other children, in spelling.

The boy became "the hired man" and finally the tenant; then he married and moved onto a farm in Iowa bought out of the savings from his wages. Finally ties of blood brought him back to spend his last days in the town to reach which he left his native land sixty-eight years ago.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 22

G. F. Arvedson.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

The labors of the man who studies the past, in however amateurish a fashion, are not unlike those of the placer miner. He must spend long hours "prospecting," and other long hours washing out his "dust," but, once in a while, he finds a "nugget." It has been so in this case, for all the data contained in this article are taken from a carefully prepared memorial of a devoted son to a good father.

In 1842 Dr. Andrew Cornish, who gave to Algonquin the name of Cornish Ferry, by which it was first known, went to Chicago in search of a new farm hand and returned with a young Scandinavian named Arvedson. Had our own and surrounding communities realized how much he was doing for them in bringing back this particular "hired man" they would willingly have defrayed all the expenses of the trip.

Peter Arvedson, born Aug. 24, 1822, in Norrköping, where his father was collector of customs for the eastern district of Sweden, had formed one of a party of six or seven who, on his nineteenth birthday, sailed from Gothenburg for the new world. Another member of the party was Wil-

liam Estergren, with whom he contracted a friendship that was life long. After landing the two young men had come to Cincinnati where they remained for a year. Peter had then pushed on to Chicago, where good luck, or fate, or providence, as one chooses to call it, placed Dr. Cornish in the way of finding him.

He was familiar with the farm and did good work but, ambitious to be more than a mere hired helper, he began fencing forty acres of government land for himself, at the same time writing to his friend Estergren that, if he too wished government land, he better come quickly—the land was going fast.

Dr. and Mrs. Cornish were devoted Christian people, two of whose sons, college men both, had entered the ministry, and most of the young immigrant's Sabbaths were spent in their home. It was there that he met his future wife, Hannah Adelia Cornish, who at the age of fourteen had become a member of the household to help care for Mrs. Cornish, her invalid grandmother.

Their marriage occurred in 1848, two years after Dr. Cornish's death, and the wedding journey was somewhat notable. There was no Episcopal clergyman near at hand and, desiring to be married by one of that denomination, the bridal party drove forty miles in a "democrat" wagon drawn by one horse, to Chicago, where the ceremony was performed in the home of the Rev. William Barlow of Trinity Church.

A letter written to a brother in Sweden gives a charming picture of

the every-day life of the young couple:

The husband and father rises at five, kindles the fire, calls the family, feeds the stock, milks a half dozen cows and, if there is time before breakfast, grooms and harnesses his team. At six, comes breakfast and then divine service of a half hour in which all join. Plowing until noon, the mid-day meal for man and beast, rest with book or newspaper in hand until half past twelve, "or sometimes later, if it is very warm." Plowing again until half past five, supper, care of horses and cows, an hour spent with the family, prayers once more and then a well earned rest.

A sketch as brief as this cannot trace the steps by which he was almost forced into the ministry, an office which he seems to have regarded much as did the good Sir Bors his vision of the Holy Grail. "How happens it," he once wrote, "that such as I, without education of a literary kind, a plain laboring man, and poor at that, ever came to be a MINISTER!" Quite true, he had probably very little more education "of a literary kind" than the apostle Peter but education has never been the first requisite of a faithful Christian ministry.

Beside serving St. John's parish, at Algonquin, organized in 1844 and of which he was a charter member, and the St. James parish at Dundee, of which he was the founder, he ministered at Richmond, Crystal Lake, McHenry, Marengo, Harvard, Blivins Mills, and Wilmot, Wis., not to mention points at which his service was only occasional. A conservative

estimate of the distance travelled in these missionary labors gives 15,000 miles, all in his own open conveyance and at his own charges. The first services of the Algonquin church were held in his own home, in a room 14x18 which was "bedroom, dining room and sitting room all in one," and from which the furniture must be taken each Sabbath morning to make room for the congregation.

Finding that he could not successfully carry on his own work and that which he felt to be the Lord's, he sold his farm that he might give himself more unreservedly to the ministry. His family was large, the highest salary he ever received was pitifully small; for much, perhaps for most, of his ministerial labors he had no compensation whatever and yet every penny that he received was faithfully tithed. He seemed really pained when a man like minded with himself identified him with a liberal subscriber to good works who always signed himself, 'L. T., Algonquin,' ('L. T.' signifying "Lord's Treasury") and when his honored bishop chided him for his too great liberality, the reply was characteristically humble and firm; "I love to submit * * but that, dear bishop, is a matter that lies between me and my God."

It was in 1880, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, that the Rev Peter Arvedson passed from death unto life, but the ideals which he implanted and the influences which he created are yet living and fruitful in a wider circle of human lives than he ever dreamed would be reached by them.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 24

Mrs. Serepta Ann Rich.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

If ever the thought of hard times gets you, and your own particular troubles begin to loom gigantic and you find yourself thinking there never were conditions quite so bad as those of the now and here, try to get the subject of this sketch to tell you about the hardships of our early settlers. Or, if you don't care to bother her, read this article—it is not a tract but it may do you good.

Serepta Ann (Wilbern) Rich was born on a farm near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1837, but came to this region from New York state, whither her father, Luke Wilbern, returned in her early childhood to work in Champlain Village at his trade of tanner and currier. His father, a British soldier, had immigrated to the new world when Luke was five years old but had died en route, leaving his family little beside a title to a considerable tract of land in Canada, assigned to him by reason of his having served in the king's guards. This claim the family, hampered by lack of money and ignorance of local conditions, never proved up on and so, perhaps, just escaped being millionaires, for today a city

rises upon the land that might have been theirs.

To Luke Wilbern, in New York, relatives wrote glowing accounts of the opportunities in this region and, in 1844, he decided to come west once more, bringing his wife and children. The lake trip, especially the locks, that could lift and lower the vessel, filled the children with boundless wonder. They arrived in Chicago in June, a cool, wet June, of much the same general character as that which we have just been enjoying. A professional teamster (there were scores of them in the pioneer city) agreed to bring them to Dundee, and they started.

Automobilists sometimes make bold to criticise the road between here and Chicago but they may take it, on the authority of the first settlers, that it is far better than none at all. Time and again, the wagon bringing the Wilberns was "mired," and all must get out, while the driver conjured the exhausted horses. At last, he gave it up. Nothing could ever get them to Dundee but oxen and, while Mr. Wilbern and the teamster went in search of these stronger animals, the mother and children and their meagre belongings were left marooned upon a sort of island hummock, a little drier than the surrounding quagmire. It was cold, wet, raining, and when the men disappeared from view and left them with no companionship save the wide horizon of saturated prairie, the mother broke down and cried; and Serepta, aged seven, and Cyrus, half that age, managed to comfort her. Had she known all the hardship still

in store, they might not have succeeded so easily.

The oxen came at last, though to pay for them cost the clock, which was a family heirloom; and finally the little party reached Dundee—the journey from Chicago having consumed six days. The first night here was spent in the home of John Allison and it is fortunate that he made no charge for their entire cash assets amounted to fifty cents.

For a year the father worked as a day laborer. Then he built a log shack, plastered with mud and with a stick chimney. In its one room the family lived and here, for sixteen months, the father was wracked with fever and ague—the bane of the first settlers' existence. The mother went out whenever she could, to do any work that offered, cleaning, cooking, nursing; and seven year old Serepta did the housework and cared for her sick father and baby brother.

Once, but that was two or three years later, her father was so sick that she must go at midnight a half mile through the woods to ask a neighbor to ride to Dundee for a doctor. She was alone, without even a lantern (imagine in her situation any ten-year-old girl you know) and all about her the wolves were howling—so many of them and they came so close that she felt sure then, and feels sure still, that only God protected her from them and from her terrors.

There were good times too, of course; the wild strawberries, picked by the pailful, the delicious wild plums and the hazelnuts, gathered in such quantities that they lasted all

winter, not to mention the nuts that are still abundant. Always, to be sure, there was hard work a-plenty, field work, in which, as a girl of fourteen or fifteen she took the place of a hired man and worked outside the home as well as in it. She did a neighbor's washing before she was thirteen, but results had begun to show. The farm was being paid for and added to and later, when the father moved away it sold for a good price.

School was pleasant, when one reached it, though it was only a log building, but it was two and a half miles away, with snow drifts to break through in winter, and bogs to wade in the summer and a small brother to carry on one's back. Deacon Rose was one of the teachers of those days and conducted not only a day school, but a singing school and a Sunday school as well; and one day the small brother then seven years old, distinguished himself by learning in a week's time three hundred Bible verses and carrying off all the honors. Later, when the budding ambitions of adolescence began to suggest better things than farm work; Serepta attended a "select school" in Dundee, taught by Oliver Adams and there were plans for becoming a teacher—plans never fulfilled because, as so often happens, a man intervened.

After fifteen years on the farm, the young couple moved to Chicago, just about in time to be burned out by the great fire, after which they returned to Dundee, where Mrs. Rich has made her home for the past twenty-eight years.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 24

D. Hill.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Should any ever ask you how many trees there are in the Hill Nurseries, do not try to recall anything you may have heard. Just shut your eyes and rip out the largest number your conscience will let you (most anything that ends in -illions will do) and you will hit it about right. Only, be sure to explain that this figure does not include the seedlings and the "two-year-olds." The Hill Nurseries however were not always as large as they are now.

William, sometimes called "Scotch" Hill, came to this country about 1840, from Aberdeen, Scotland, where his father was a successful nurseryman. In New York City, where he first found employment, his boyhood training in his father's nursery prompted him, it is related, to gather up the discarded peach stones he found along the streets until he had a peck. When he came into this region (brought here doubtless through his acquaintance with some of the Scotch families) he planted these and in time there grew up an orchard, the fruit of which was free to all the neighborhood, until an unusually severe winter killed every tree. That was his

first, and for a number of years his only, nursery venture. Like all the other settlers, he was, in the beginning, a plain farmer.

It is not known exactly how long was his first stay in this region but, when the year '49 brought the discovery of gold in California, he left his wife in charge of the farm, crossed the plains and brought back some of the Golden Fleece; not indeed all he had hoped for, few of the goldseekers did that, but he had something to show as the price of dangers faced and privations endured.

Allan Pinkerton was one of his intimates and there is a well authenticated tradition that William Hill, who had had far larger educational opportunities than his more celebrated friend, helped to give literary form to the stories which were the Sherlock Holmes adventures of their day.

During the Civil War, while Pinkerton was in the secret service, William Hill was serving in the 65th Illinois Infantry, known as the "Scotch Regiment." They were captured at Harpers Ferry but afterward exchanged and saw active service in a number of southern states, participating in several important engagements. The Dundee man's education helped to win for him the position of regimental postmaster but the rigors of army life shattered his constitution and he never again fully regained his health.

Perhaps because he felt himself no longer equal to severe farm work, he sold his place after the war and bought five or six acres opposite the cemetery, planning to raise vegeta-

bles, strawberries and small fruits. Some time later he returned to Scotland, to bring back a niece, who had been left to his care, and his father, then ninety years of age. The father brought with him the most valued of all his possessions, his books, but the duty upon them proved to be absolutely prohibitive and, after a sad discussion, (one still resents the cruel stupidity of such a tariff) the old man's treasures were ruthlessly dumped overboard.

Another part of their luggage fared better. Some evergreen stock from the paternal nursery at Aberdeen safely reached Dundee and was set out here, occupying about half an acre. Thus ends chapter one.

But there are hills in all countries, unless in Holland (said to lie largely below sea level) and in the English city of Luton, famous as the second straw hat manufacturing center of the world, there lived a young man of this name who had been christened David. He and a chum decided to come to America and on arrival here his bridges were burned behind him. The chum borrowed all his money, ostensibly to buy a railway ticket to the home of a brother in an adjoining state, and that was the last seen or heard of either money or chum until some two months later, when the victim's unsuspecting mother wrote that the chum was back in the home city. Years afterward, on a business trip to England, Mr. Hill met his recreant comrade and freely forgave him the theft but conscience had not been idle, for he was, in the words of an embarrassed negro, "pufflickly

proselyted and pluralised" at the encounter.

The Boston Y. M. C. A. found work for the young Englishman at Woodstock, Conn., and there he met a Dundee boy, an adopted son of George Bullard. Shortly after, the foster father paid them a visit and persuaded them to come west and run his farm on shares. The farm was sold at just the time that William Hill was beginning to find that his health would not permit him to do all his work alone. George Bullard heartily recommended his new employe and William Hill decided to try him. The rest of the story is doubtless familiar to most Dundee people.

Not many remain who knew William Hill intimately but he has left his impress upon our community. A "canny" man who valued money but never over valued it; a little obstinate sometimes, perhaps, but commonly right in his opinions; capable of deep indignation but never of petty anger; one who realized that high ideals are expensive things to cherish but who kept his just the same—such is the picture painted by auld acquaintance of the man who was the founder of an institution which has today become one of the largest of its kind in the world.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 26

William Farrell.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

It is not known in just what year John Farrell left old Erin for the new world but it is certain that he brought with him a better equipment than did the average immigrant. In the first place there was his wife, second a vigorous constitution, then an indomitable determination to get ahead, and, for his time, a very fair education. There were good schools about Belfast, where he had spent his youth, and his father, a well-to-do tradesman, had seen to it that he attended. Ready money however did not form a large part of John Farrell's luggage.

His first years in America suggested the proverbial rolling stone. He sojourned for a time in Canada, moved thence to New York, then on to New Jersey, then to Rhode Island—each of his five sons was born in a different state. Finally, in the year 1837, he came to this region, the vidette among our Irish settlers, and, satisfied that he had at length found the best that the new world had to offer, he remained until his death in 1874.

The first year that William Sutfin lived here, he never, it is said, went out with his breaking plow that he

did not carry his rifle, and that not to defend himself against red men but against white ones. We too had our period of frontier lawlessness and John Farrell was one of the sufferers.

He located on the Fox River, above Carpentersville, on what later came to be known as the Eggleston farm, and was informed that he had settled upon a vast tract claimed by others, who would however release their claim—if he would make it worth their while. He investigated. His neighbors assured him that it was a hold up, pure and simple, with no other object than to frighten him into paying a sum of money. The young Irishman refused to pay and the result was that when his cabin was just about ready for occupancy a mob one night descended upon him and burned it. Not content with that they also burned a cart, the only wheeled vehicle in all the region, that he had borrowed from the Tylers, who gave the name to Tyler Creek.

Another man might have returned violence for violence but Farrell let the law take its course. The matter came up before the nearest justice of the peace, James T. Gifford, who gave to Elgin its name, and the case was decided in Farrell's favor. That night the justice's house was bombarded with rocks and every window broken. One of the occupants of the house was a baby and, in the heat of the conflict it was forgotten by the men. When the distracted mother rushed in, a dozen rocks the size of a man's fist lay on the bed and among them the baby lay—peacefully sleeping. Farrell's legal victory broke the

power of the lawless element but Farrell himself had acquired a not unnatural distaste for this immediate vicinity and moving a little farther west, bought for \$50.00 a claim of 320 acres. At the great land sale held in Chicago in 1844 he secured a government title to this property, paying 25% interest on the part of the purchase price which he was obliged to borrow. The bulk of this debt he lifted with the returns from his first crop of winter wheat, for the richness of the virgin soil was such that it mattered little how the crop was put in, the yield was bound to be abundant.

To his holdings of real estate he added, little by little, until he owned between seven and eight hundred acres. This large tract he in later life divided among his five sons, reserving for himself only enough to live on and to secure the one luxury of an occasional trip to Ireland. William Farrell, the youngest of his "boys," still lives, at the age of seventy-six, on the farm where he was born.

The land was then well-timbered with burr-oaks, save for occasional natural clearings, in some of which the Indians had reared their patches of maize. Sometimes the noble red men stopped to beg food (the farm lay on their regular trail between Chicago and Galena) but the family was never in any way disturbed by them.

Game was abundant. Deer used to steal up to the house after dusk to eat the potato peelings thrown out during the day. Coon hunting was a favorite sport and young William was accustomed to surreptitiously sneak

out and join the chase long before he had any paternal permission to do so.

There is a story of one hunt where the long grass concealed an animal apparently not a coon. Just what it was did not appear but, from the dogs' unwillingness to tackle it, the most ambitious of the Nimrods decided it was a lynx or wild cat and anticipated General Grant by declaring that he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer. What resulted was that he and a faithful friend spent all the following Sabbath seeking to deodorize his only pair of boots sufficiently so that he could make a public appearance at a sheep shearing celebration on Monday.

Chicago, in the days when William Farrell first used to go there, was the only market but it was an extremely poor one and many and many a wagon of country produce was "mired" in the principal streets of the city—if city it could be called. The first cattle shipped from Elgin over the Northwestern road were sent by the Farrells and, there being no caboose on the train, the men and the cattle were passengers in the same car. The stock were unloaded five miles from the spot where the final disposition of them was made and were then driven down the lake shore along a watery highway later to be transfigured into Michigan Avenue. No banker facilitated the transfer. The stockman was paid in money and carried it home in his pocket.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 27

Mrs. Elvira Oatman Parmely.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Jesse Oatman, Dundee's first merchant, was born in New Albany, Indiana, Nov. 24, 1811. His father was a tanner by trade; there were sixteen children, twelve boys and four girls, and the thrilling rescue of a child from one of the tannery vats was an event of almost daily occurrence. Leather was in that day the ordinary material for trousers but the cloth for the other garments of the family was all woven by the hands of the industrious mother.

As a special reward for good behavior, the boys were allowed of a Saturday to go deer hunting, wrapped up in a sheet. Why this ghostly attire? we may ask but a soldier on the Russian frontier would know—against a background of snow it renders a man almost invisible.

It was a day of frequent migrations. When he was nine years old his people moved to Green Castle, Ind., whence they later treked to Tazewell County, Illinois. They were evidently in the state in 1832 for Mr. Oatman fought in the Black Hawk War. His children and the nieces who for nine years lived in his home used to delight in persuading him to tell the story of

that campaign but, naturally perhaps, the thing that stuck in their childish memories was the one most grewsome incident—the arrival of his troop just after the savages had wiped out a family. Father, mother and children, all had been butchered, excepting only one boy of nine who, concealed in the underbrush, had watched, appalled, the swift progress of the hideous tragedy.

In June 1836 he married Lucy Curtis Mowrey and the year following they came to Dundee. One of the county histories states that he and a brother, Hardin Oatman, had conducted a store in Washington, Tazewell County; that on his coming hither he brought the stock with him and that it was the first store in the county north of St. Charles.

His first home was in a building standing on the site of the present Baptist Church. When the young people moved in it was still unfinished and money for door and windows was raised by putting a mortgage on the property. Equipped as the Oatman Tavern, it came to be a famous place of local rendezvous. No liquors were sold there but one of the rooms was known as the bar room and there, of an evening, the forefathers of the hamlet were wont to gather and discuss, as in our own day, the destiny of nations.

In addition to being store and hotel keeper, Mr. Oatman was a pioneer apiarist and there is a tradition, which may or may not be true, that it was for the pasturage of his bees that there was introduced into our region the now so abundant sweet clover.

Public dignities as well as business success came to him. As early as 1844 he was justice of the peace; for eight years he was village postmaster; he was long one of the most prominent members of the Baptist Church.

Several of his brothers had in early life moved south and, as the breach between the slave-holding states and the free states widened, Mr. Oatman felt the impact of the wedge being driven between them. He tried, at long range, to convert his brothers; they tried, at long range, to convert him; and the results were often painful. "I'll never own one of 'em again," he once exclaimed, after reading certain of their outpourings. But, when the war was over, he and they were of course as ready as brothers ever were to "make up."

At the time of Lincoln's inauguration, he went all the way to Washington to witness the ceremony and found the city so crowded that he confessed to having slept in a public building, with his boots for a pillow.

One Sunday morning in the following April a young horseback rider, still a resident of our neighboring city of Elgin and now enjoying a wide reputation as a weather prophet, brought to Dundee the news that Fort Sumter had been fired on. The little girl whose recollections form in large part the basis of this sketch was one of the first to hear the news and, running into the yard of the Baptist Church, wildly beckoned a small friend to come out and share her excitement. In another moment the whole congregation had heard and the service was at an end. Men turn-

ed to their neighbors with startled, questioning faces, women fell on their knees. The Civil War had begun.

It was not long before pleas for enlistment were made from the sacred desk, a farewell reception was held at the Oatman Tavern and wagon loads of friends drove down to see the boys in camp at Geneva. Last and most tragic of all, came the news of Lincoln's assassination and the children recall how, when 'Uncle Jesse' heard it, he bowed his head upon his arms, shaken with sobs.

Not many men have lived so long an independent and outspoken life in a community and yet had so few enemies. A pastor friend used often to clap him upon the shoulder and, with mock solemnity sound the warning, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." His death occurred in 1883 and when Martin Forkin, the old grave digger, was preparing to do the last sad office for the man he had known so many years, he suddenly flung down his shovel, turned to his sons and, with a voice choked with tears, exclaimed, "You do it, b'ys. I can't throw dirt on Squire Oatman."

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 28

Mrs. Emmeline Sherman Gould.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

When one begins to question our pioneers, he is occasionally surprised to light on some bit of information which no writer of fiction would ever in the world have invented—because it would have seemed too incredible. Who, for instance, would suppose that, during the first years that the family of Luke Wilbern were living here, they would have found wood so scarce that their little daughter Se-repta would have had to secure her mother's supply of fuel for cooking by stripping the bark from the rail fences? And who would imagine that when the family of Stanley Sherman came west, they did not camp on the way but found accommodations practically every night in a hotel? Yet, when one comes to think about it, it is exactly what one might expect. A great procession of homeseekers was moving westward and what more natural than that those along the line of march should seek profit in meeting their wants? The roadsides sprouted taverns as in this day they sprout garages and for quite similar reasons.

Marshall, better known as "Elder" Sherman—for he was a Methodist preacher of the old school—came to

this region in 1837, choosing it for just what specific reason no one now knows; but he wrote home and it was he who started the migration from Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, whence came several of the families in whom we have most occasion to take pride.

His brother, Stanley, started in the summer of 1844, with his wife and six children, the oldest twenty-three, the youngest seven. Their outfit was a team of horses and one wagon and, excepting for the crossing of Lake Champlain from St. Albans to Plattsburg and Lake Michigan from St. Jo to Chicago they made the whole trip by land. Twice they stopped for brief visits with relatives and the entire distance was covered in five weeks and five days.

Ordinarily they reached one of the hotels for supper but always two of the boys slept in the wagon, both to protect the family belongings and to be able to give early and personal care to the horses. Sometimes they breakfasted at the hotel but often they made an early start and traveled an hour or two before breakfast. The mid-day meal was always eaten by the roadside, in true campers fashion. The fourteen year old girl who, now grown to womanhood, tells the story of the trip, recalls the journey thru New York and Pennsylvania as most interesting. The parts of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana which they traversed seemed new and crude. There was of course no need, as on the other side of the Mississippi, to seek traveling companions for mutual protection and the family traveled alone.

One night in mid October, the boat that had brought them from St. Jo drew in beside the wharf and they were told they had reached Chicago. At dawn, when they were permitted to land, they found their Uncle Marshall on the dock waiting for them and they left the city at once. There was nothing to make them remain longer than was absolutely necessary. Of pavement, the city had not one block and the mud is remembered as something fathomless and appalling. Their arrival in Dundee was on the 14th of the month and in the midst of the winter's severest snow storm; though it may be added that the winter of 1844-5 was unusually open.

Adjoining the Marshall Sherman place (a part of the land centering in what we have long known as John Hopp's corners) there was a forty acre tract with a log house and some other slight improvements. Stanley Sherman, who had been a farmer in New England, purchased this and added to it from time to time until it became a considerable property. He died there in 1873.

Farming in that day was not exactly easy. It probably never was. But it was certainly simpler than now. The richness of the virgin soil supplied the limitations in knowledge of scientific agriculture and the equipment demanded was absurdly small. A yoke of oxen, a primitive plow and harrow, these were the farmer's tractor and implements; the cradle (a recent improvement upon the sickle) was his harvester; a rude cart, with the oxen for motive power, was his automobile—and many of the roads it

covered far better than any modern automobile could have done.

Each farm too was almost wholly self supporting. The household raised its own beef and pork, wheat and corn—the latter needing only to be ground at the Dundee mill. They raised their own wool, spun it into yarn and a local weaver turned out the finished product. "Is it all wool?"—that touchstone for the conscience of the modern merchant, was then an undiscovered problem. The grocery furnished sugar, coffee and tea; the hardware store supplied a few necessary tools; to the dealer in dry goods they looked for cotton cloth—the rest they could themselves provide.

Nor was the life of play and relaxation absent. It probably never is where there is any leisure and young people can get together. The inanities of vaudeville were mercifully spared them and there were no movies, to educate with pictures of the doings of all the earth and to galvanize torpid nerves with the presentation of such "thrillers" as never were on sea or land. But culture was represented by the singing school, for the decline of which the public school is now seeking to make tardy amends; by the spelling school, then a sort of intellectual field day; and by the debating club—a training ground for the bar and the stump. Which things, if you would find them drawn to the life, read "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and the other novels in which Edward Eggleston pictured the pioneer life of his state.

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 29

The Underground Railroad.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Slavery is today, from one end of our land to the other, a dead issue, only in some sections it is so recently dead that people find it offensive when it is dug up. Here in Dundee, it is dead, and decomposed and forgotten. No one of this generation realizes that certain of our citizens once argued strongly in favor of a man's right to sell his fellow men—but they did. The arguments for and against human slavery were once as hotly debated among us as are today the arguments for and against prohibition. It once demanded some courage for a Dundee man to confess that he was an abolitionist and the question of whether men holding such views were to be allowed to vote in a presidential election once came near to being decided by riot. Happily some of the free soil party were pretty resolute men—they voted and, long before the war, they had pretty well captured the sentiment of this community. An Anti Slavery society was formed among the farmers of Penny street and met regularly. What a pity its records have not been preserved! The anti-slavery sentiment was strong in the village too

and the runaway slave who reached Dundee was no longer in hostile territory, for ours was a regular station upon the once famous "underground railroad."

Thomas Perkins, one of the charter members of the Congregational church, expressed what was perhaps the feeling of the majority when, on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, he said solemnly, "I don't believe I would ever be compelled to arrest, or help arrest, a fugitive slave." But many carried their opposition much farther. Dolliver Walker, who came west with his brother Eaton in 1838 but remained in Chicago, was a part of the city organization that sent on slaves from there and Eaton Walker often found work for them hereabouts. A. R. Dempster had two runaway slaves working for a time on the farm, William Dunton often harbored them, and Allan Pinkerton employed a number at different times in his cooper shop.

Pinkerton was probably the most prominent of the local forwarding agents and continued his activities after moving to Chicago. His son William recalls how his father one day told him that he was to see a great man, "a man as great as Washington," and took him to an obscure house, where he found a group of tall, bearded men, in blanket overcoats, each with his trusty rifle, and learned that they were John Brown and his sons. They were in flight from Kansas, and Pinkerton and Dr. C. V. Dyer (another prominent Chicago abolitionist) raised money enough among the convention delegates of the newly

formed Republican party to send them on to Canada. The money was raised easily. The Republican politicians were as glad to get rid of the Brown family as the smitten Egyptians were to speed the parting Israelites, for nothing could have done more to injure the party standing than the known presence of such radicals.

Some still living can recall a concert given by runaway slaves in the building now used as a school room by the Bethlehem Congregation, and Mr. Frank Perkins recalls how a negro advocate of abolition once spoke there and declared that the southern people had laid a train of powder 'fum de souf to de norf an' some day, ef dey touch it orf, it gwine to blow us into a fousan' atoms.'" Whether a fugitive slave was ever arrested in Dundee I have been unable to learn positively, though William A. Pinkerton has a vague recollection that something of this sort was attempted but that the captive was rescued and the slave catcher run out of town.

Mrs. Homer Hoxie, whose girlish zeal for education prompted her to start a reading class whenever her father was harboring a runaway, recalls one story, related by a slave, of an awesome experience which befell him while he was making his way toward the north star. Never in his life had he seen or "heard tell" of a locomotive but his wanderings had brought him out on an open course which seemed far better adapted for rapid transit than woods or swamps and he followed it, vaguely wondering doubtless why the logs of this cordu-

roy road were laid so far apart and what might be the purpose of the flattened iron rods by which they were bound together. Finally, far in the distance, he heard an ominous sound. It grew nearer, and nearer, and nearer. "An'—" the whites of his eyes would grow large as he approached the climax, "an' look lak to me hit was sayin', 'Catch-a-nigger, catch-a-nigger, catch-a-nigger' an' ah run, lak ah was gwine run my laigs orf, an' in a minute dat fing go 'Whoop-eeeeee!' an' you orter see dis chile take to de woods."

Robert Duff tells what may well be the last chapter. The 8th Illinois was sometimes called "The Black Cavalry," not because of the complexion of men or horses, but because Colonel Farnsworth was an avowed abolitionist and his men were suspected of sharing his sentiments. After President Lincoln issued the Proclamation Emancipation, a superior officer suggested to Farnsworth that he might enjoy making a raid on Confederate territory and gathering in as many slaves as he could. Farnsworth paused only to assure himself that he would be given an absolutely free hand and then eagerly accepted the commission. The swift result was a foray down into the peninsular and a return with some fifteen or sixteen hundred "contraband of war," together with about the same number of blooded horses, and with about forty thousand Confederates in hot pursuit. To them it had looked dangerously like the beginning of the big drive and they were disposed to take no chances on the Illinois boys going "on to Richmond."

MEMORIES OF OUR NEIGHBORS—NO. 30

Byron McEwen.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

Some months ago I learned of an original narrative of pioneer experiences written by Byron McEwen, who came to this section with his parents in 1838. A letter addressed to his daughter, Miss Maude McEwen, one of our former teachers, placed this ms. in my hands and from it is taken all the data contained in this article. It was evidently written in 1904 but under what circumstances I do not know. It has never, to my knowledge, been published, either in whole or part.

It was from New York state that Elihu and Lucy McEwen came west in the summer of 1838, bringing with them their little family, one of whom was the boy named, doubtless, for the great English poet. At Buffalo, they embarked on the "Thomas Jefferson," one of the three steamers then plying on the lakes. The brief stop which they made at Mackinaw enabled them to inspect the fortifications and the Indian village and to toss a few small coins into the clear water for the Indian boys to dive after.

They arrived in Chicago, still known as Fort Dearborn, on June 7th and, as usual with the pioneers, their

memories of the place seem to have been anything but pleasant. The tavern at which they stopped was wretchedly poor and, as for the small boy, one of his experiences verged upon tragedy. He was so deeply interested in a flock of goats roaming the streets that he fed them a pocket full of crackers. His commissary being exhausted, the ungrateful creatures turned upon their youthful benefactor, butted him down into the dirt and only the timely arrival of older members of the family saved him from utter ignominy.

It is remembered that, on the way to the tavern, they passed the site of the future Tremont House, at that time occupied by a pond of water, filled with grass and rushes. Also, a real estate agent tried to sell them for \$100.00 a tract of ten acres, located three miles from the Lake street bridge, but "my father," the narrator says, "thought the prospect of Chicago's being an important place too poor to warrant the purchase."

"My father," the story continues, "hired a man with a team to bring his family and goods out to the Fox river, which we reached on the 9th of June. There were no roads or fences and very few houses between Chicago and the Fox river, and so we followed the Indian trails, which led from Chicago to their camps along the river. The weather was beautiful, the prairies covered with wild flowers and we greatly enjoyed the trip. We struck the river near Dundee and followed the trail up thru the woods to near Cornish's Ferry (Algonquin) where we joined friends

who had come west the year before."

At that time there was no Carpentersville. Its site was occupied by woods and an Indian trail. Nor was the land then on the market; "the first settlers could only make a claim and wait for the land office to be opened in Chicago." Twelve years later, when Byron McEwen came to make his home in the village where he was to remain until his death, a settlement had sprung up, "there were a number of houses, the mill and a large brick house built by Daniel Carpenter—a house afterward used as a hotel."

The ms. tells of the three bridges that have spanned the river at Carpentersville; the first of which, a frame structure, had the most tragic history. It was still in use when the Illinois Iron & Bolt company was in operation. One day a man and team were crossing with a load of skeins, when the planking gave way beneath them and skeins, horses and man were precipitated into the river. Amazing as it may seem, man and horses escaped without the slightest injury, beyond the shock and the wetting, but the day of the wooden bridge was over for Carpentersville.

Many present day residents have forgotten that there was once on the west side of the river a Carpentersville brick yard but the brick for some of our first houses was made there, the clay being dug from a pit long since closed.

At about the time that this brick yard was in successful operation, there came the Carpenters, Daniel and Charles. Later, Joseph Carpen-

ter, a woolen manufacturer, of Providence, R. I., "acquired an interest in the water power and completed the mill, which had been begun by Daniel Carpenter." This was in '45 or 46.

A picture of an industry long since passed is drawn in the following paragraph: "The Oatman Brothers, George Peck and a man by the name of Shields had built a brush dam across the river, dug a race on the west side and built a saw mill at the foot of the cemetery hill. * * The brush dam used to go out about every spring and then Dundee and Carpentersville would be flooded and all the works stopped, until it could be repaired, which was a very expensive job. * * I well remember how the side hill north of the cemetery was always covered with logs that the farmers had brought to the mill to be sawed into lumber. They would roll them down the hill into the race and sometimes the road would be blocked with them. The race was continued down to the school house hill and a wool carding shop built, which was run by William Dunton and later by Mr. Buck," the father of the man who was for so many years to fill the office of local postmaster.

The same ms. contains a considerable amount of data as to the beginnings of the Illinois Iron & Bolt Co., but that, as Rudyard Kipling says, is another story. It states that in 1904 there were standing in Carpentersville but two buildings which (to the best of the writer's recollection) were there in 1848. One was the mill, rebuilt almost beyond recognition, and the other was "the old Davis house."

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